

**ONVIEW BOOKS
&
SEX AND DEATH MOTION PICTURES
*PRESENTS***

DARK MATTER

**THE GRAPHIC NOVEL OF
THE FEATURE FILM**

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DARK MATTER

**Starring: Dominic O'Flynn, Gina Purcell,
Jamie-Jodie Shanks, Mel Mills, Sharon Lawrence.**

**Watch the movie here...
www.darkmatter.org.uk**


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A galaxy. All life lives
in one. Somewhere...

..this one warps
impossibly over its
entire area.

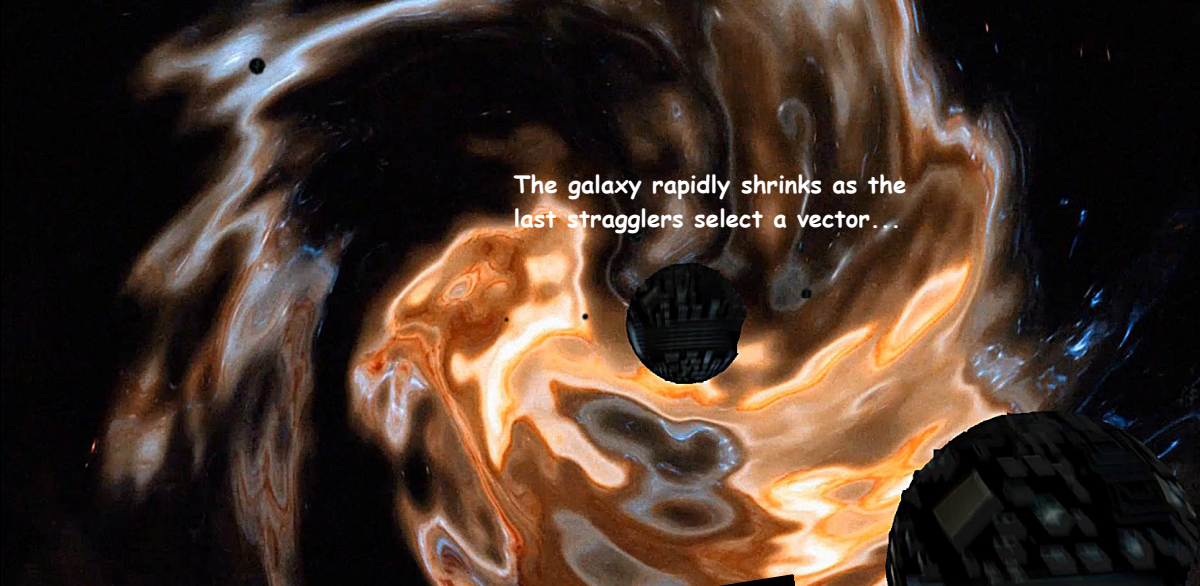


Within a nano-second, it blazes brighter than
it ever did in its billions of years of existence.

Then goes dark!

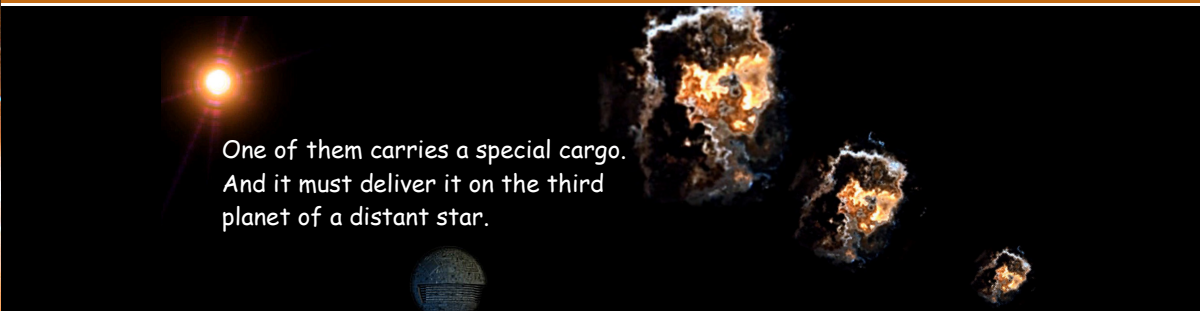


A fleet of ships fly out,
breaking free of the
chaos behind.




The galaxy rapidly shrinks as the
last stragglers select a vector...


...towards a nearby galaxy!



One of them carries a special cargo.
And it must deliver it on the third
planet of a distant star.



Doctor Reynolds sits alone
and drunk watching porn
movies on the Internet.



His grief... his loss—
it drives him into dark despair.
The flesh on the screen, the
playing out of basic human
need, the animal simplicity: *a
way out of the pain!*

The alien ship has finally arrived.
It takes up orbit around planet earth and
releases it's cargo with a bright flash.



It plunges down through
the thick atmosphere...



"Huff... Groan...
Haaaa...urrrr..."

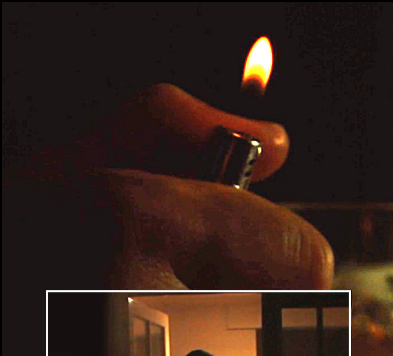
Doctor Reynolds, is excited & drunk.
He rushes towards orgasm and
momentary release from his
anguish.

WHUMP!!

The room suddenly lights up,
bright as day, as the cargo
smashes into the earth,
startling the doctor...

"Fuck!"

...and knocking out the power supply.



A red glow from the window. Fire in the garden!



He tries to douse it.



But it flares up...

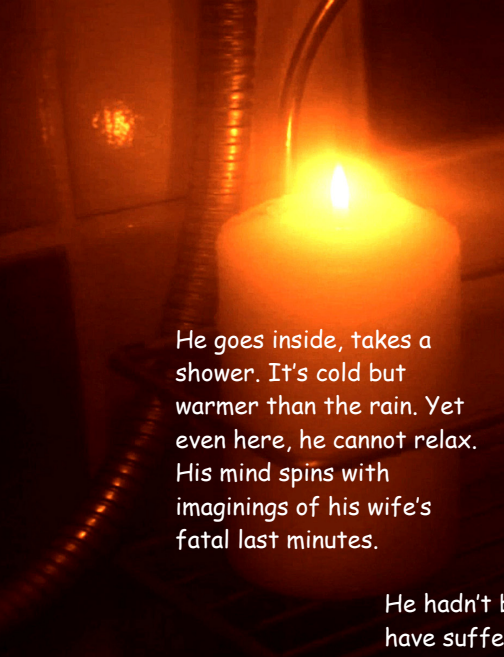
...pushing him away with blazing heat!



b-o-o-m!

Thunder! Lightening! The skies open in a cloud burst, drenching him with rain!

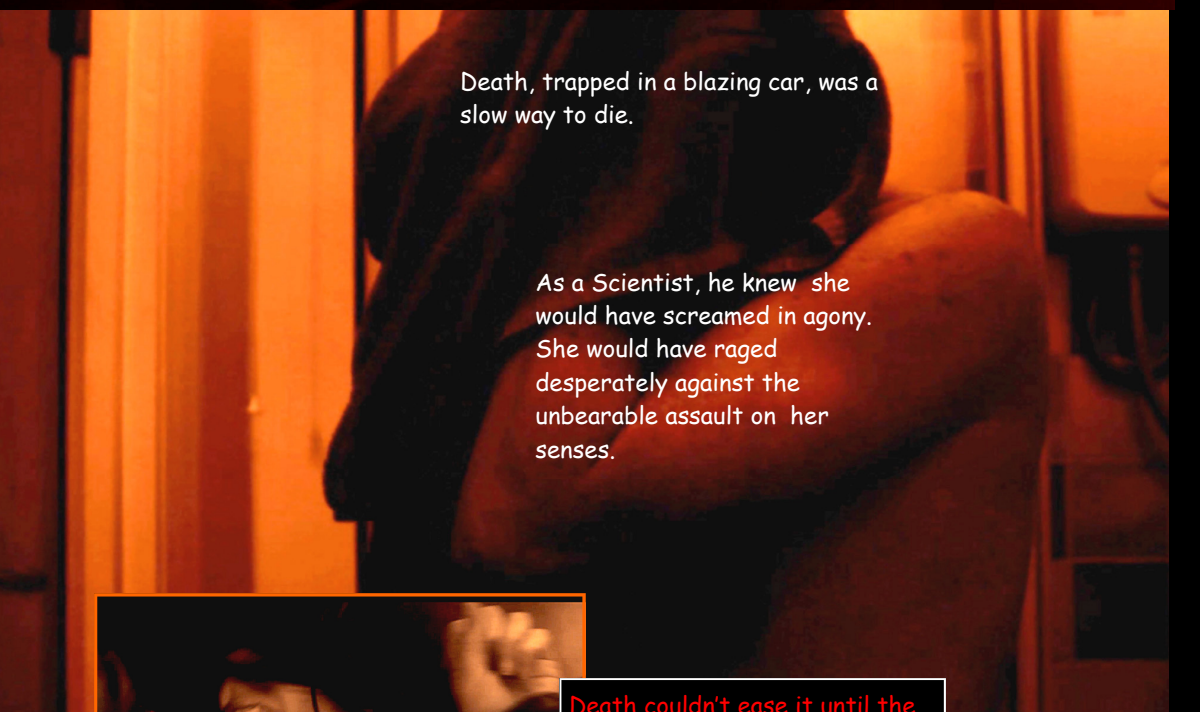




He goes inside, takes a shower. It's cold but warmer than the rain. Yet even here, he cannot relax. His mind spins with imaginings of his wife's fatal last minutes.



He hadn't been there. But he knew she must have suffered horribly,



Death, trapped in a blazing car, was a slow way to die.

As a Scientist, he knew she would have screamed in agony. She would have raged desperately against the unbearable assault on her senses.



Death couldn't ease it until the blood boiled and exploded in the lungs, the heart, the brain...

Bed time was the hardest to bear. Another day, like every day for a year now: empty, cold, loveless.

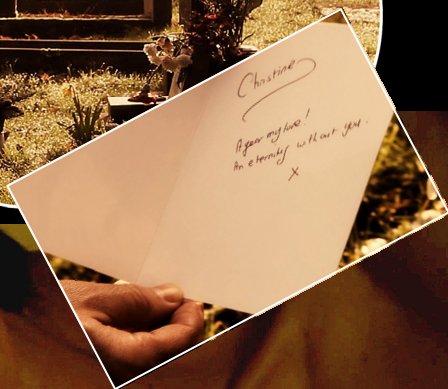
Some nights, even the booze could not bring the short relief of sleep.

Some nights, he would snuggle into her space,...

...and try to imagine she was still there beside him....



...instead of there—where he went yesterday.



SOB...

SOB...

SOB...



Another morning.
Another hangover!

Last nights events are dim...

...but...

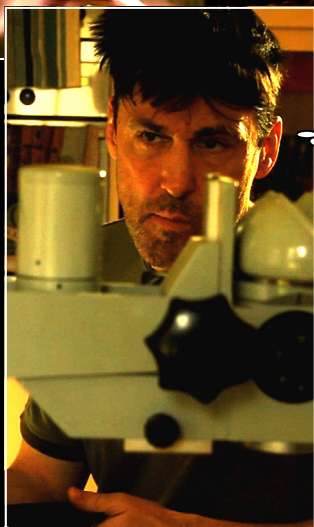
...returning!



Did he dream it?

It seems real,

Flames..?



A fire... in the
Garden?





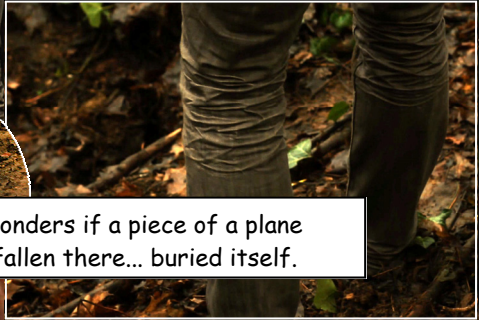
A small crater!

For the first time in
a very long time,
something stirred in
him...

...curiosity!



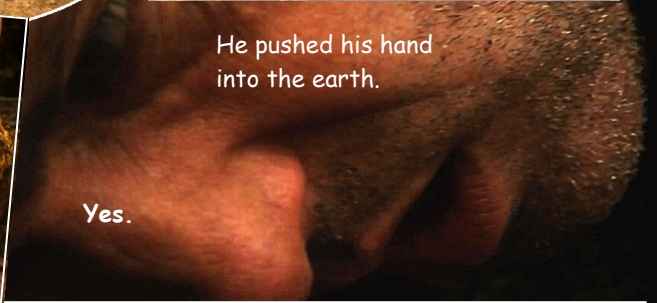
He wonders if a piece of a plane
had fallen there... buried itself.



He pushed his hand
into the earth.



Yes.



Something there..

... something warm.





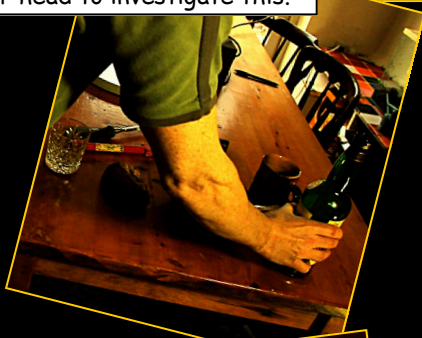
He'll find out what this thing is.
But first, maybe a quick tot of
whiskey...

Thump

...maybe...

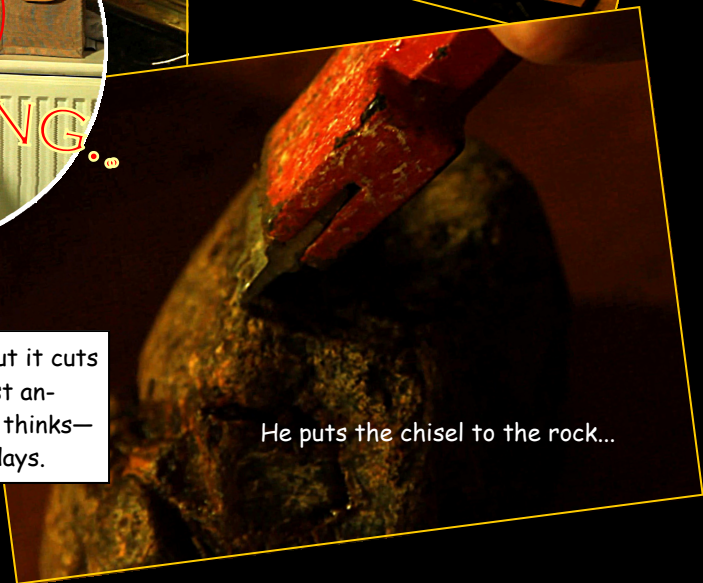


...maybe not. He knows he needs a clear head to investigate this.



RING...RING

He ignores the phone, but it cuts
off anyway. Probably just an-
other marketing call, he thinks—
no-one rings him these days.




He puts the chisel to the rock...



RING! RING!


...and lifts the hammer high,
aiming to split the rock with one
hefty blow.

The cell phone!




"Val? Tonight? Are you
sure? Not very exciting for
you on a Friday night."

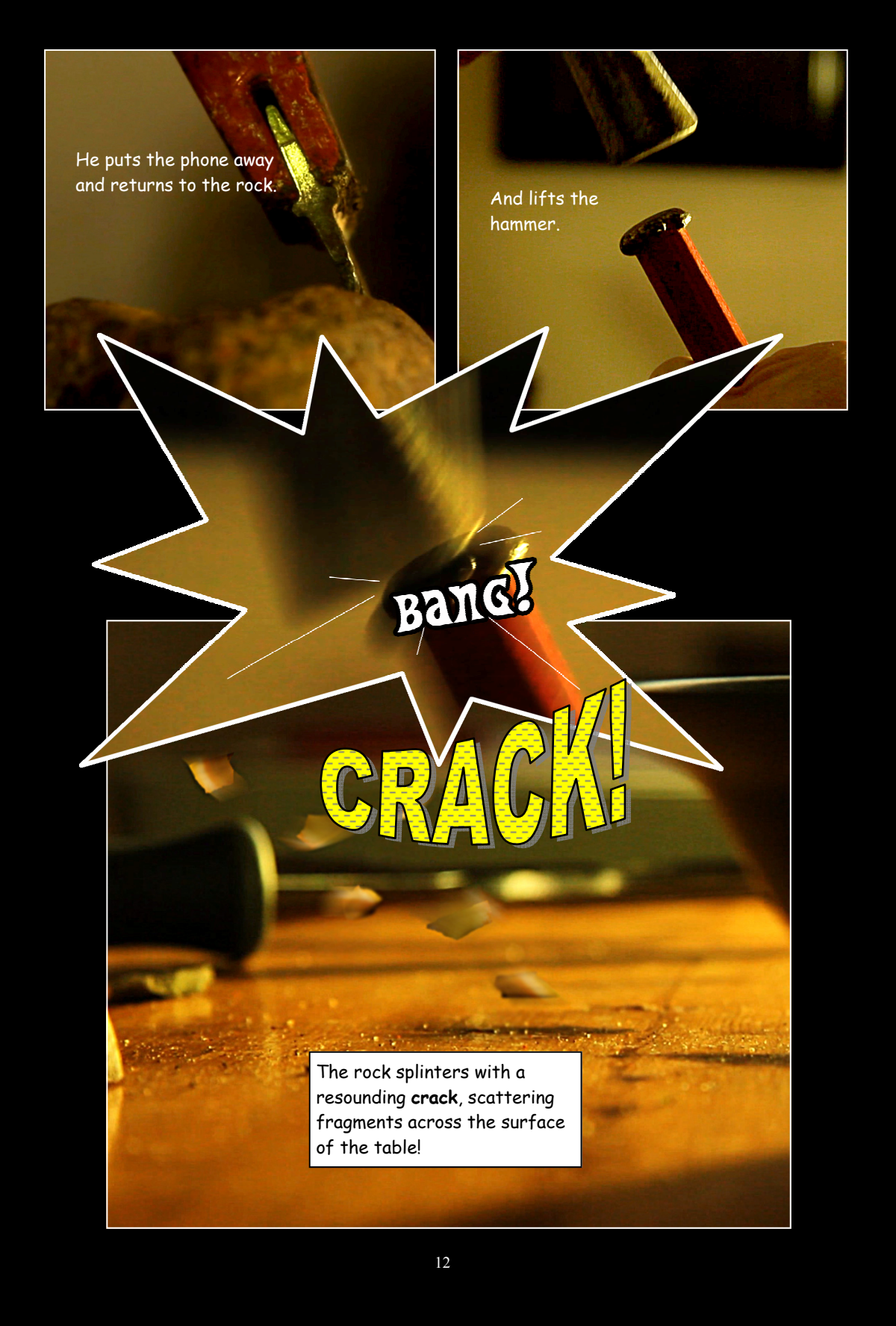
"Ok. It might have to be
a take-away though."



"Val. Er... Can you find
out if there were any
reports of a meteorite
shower last night?"



"Ok. Great. See you
at six, then."



He puts the phone away
and returns to the rock.

And lifts the
hammer.

Bang!

CRACK!

The rock splinters with a
resounding **crack**, scattering
fragments across the surface
of the table!

BATHROOM

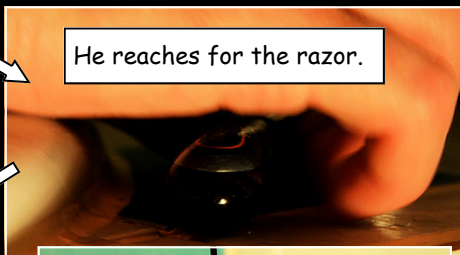
*The rock is discarded
into a dish of
decorative shells.
Seemingly—a dull thing.*

Clunk!



Dr. Reynolds catches his reflection in the mirror. She'll be here soon. Does it matter, he thinks?

He reaches for the razor.



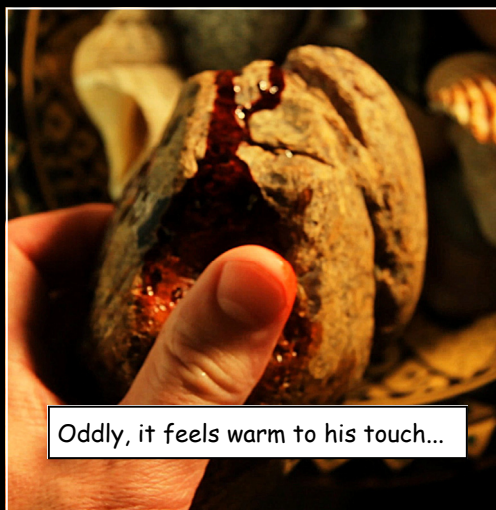
But his thumb brushes against the blades...



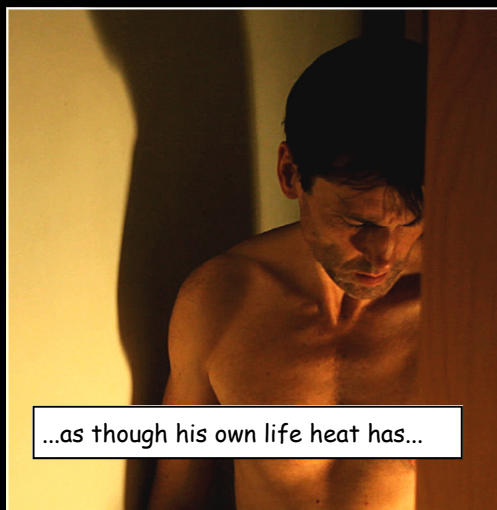
Blood drips down and pools, crimson red, onto the rough surface of the rock.

He stares at it.





Oddly, it feels warm to his touch...



...as though his own life heat has...



~~Ssssh-chink-zzzlknk-chink!~~

What the..?! His face in the mirror! It's... No... Nothing!

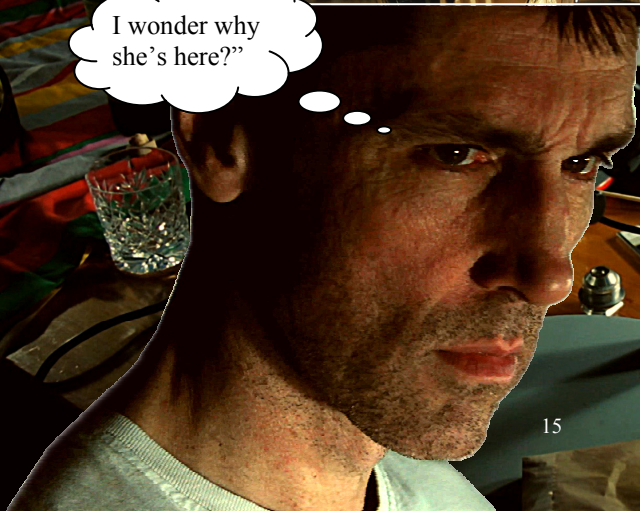
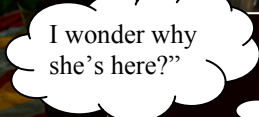
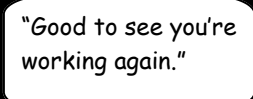


DOWNSTAIRS.
FRONT DOOR.



Val!

He reaches for
the towel.



UPSTAIRS.
BATHROOM

SSSSZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!



"Here's to
friendship."



Chink!



"Are you mending?"

ommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!



*Another rumble!
A dark blurred shadow
sweeps through the room
and is gone.*

They don't notice.



"Nah!"

Ssssh-chink-zzlnnk-chink!



"You think when we're dead, don't you?"

"We're scientists!"

"I had a child... nearly had a child once."

"It was at Uni. First real fuck, actually."

"Not very conducive to getting a degree... pregnancy. So, I had the little nuisance aborted."

"Sorry Val. I just thought..."

"Best move I ever made, logically."

Valerie drifts back to that single exciting moment.

"Was it one of our crowd?"



"Huh! Teenagers. We were so full of hope, but I think of them as good days."



"I hardly remember the old days."

"I reckon the little bugga just got born again in another womb, where it was wanted."



"Did Christine know?"




"I never told anyone.."

"What's the point of it all... knowledge... science... None of it matters, when... When you lose someone."



The doctor chokes back tears.



*The ship in orbit
around earth buzzes...*

... and goes into stealth mode.



"Anything interesting?"

"Nah! I found a sexy looking rock
in the garden, had a flash of
professional interest. It faded."

"Does it have anything to do with
asking me to check the records
for a meteorite shower?"

ZZZZZZ...

The lights FLICKER suddenly.

ZZZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZZ

DONK!

*Electric arcing!
The lights dim...*

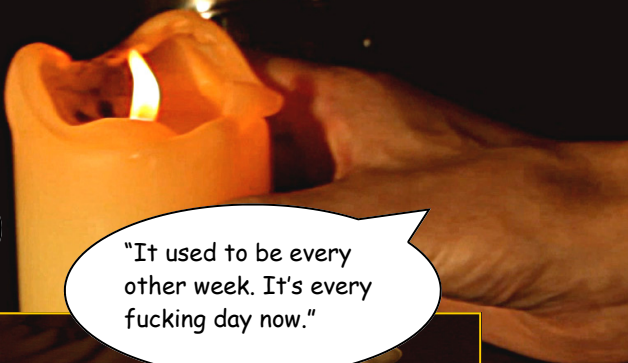
ZZZZZZ...

"Oh!"

...and go out!



"Power cut. It's happening more frequently lately."



"It used to be every other week. It's every fucking day now."



"She told me something odd once, you know."



"Sorry?"



"Christine."



"She said 'God would wait until she's as happy as she's ever going to be...'"

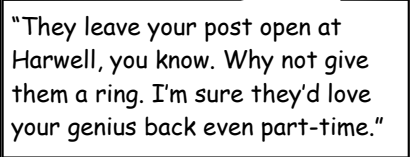
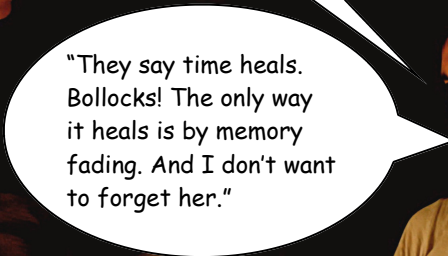
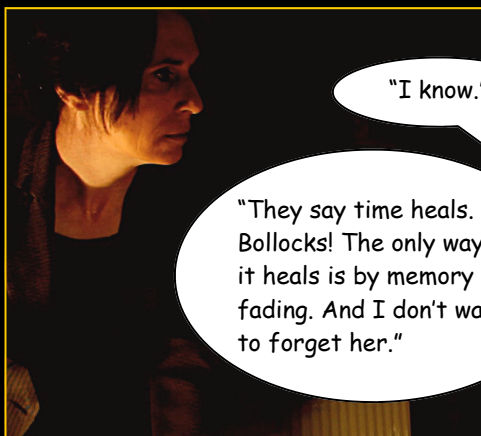


"When did she say that?"

"...and then he would take her!"



"A week before the crash!"





She turns and leaves.



A while later.

He wakes from a drunken stupor.



Staggeres to his feet...



...nearly falls.



*And stumbles out
through the door,
fighting to hold
back the...*



Bathroom.

...inevitable!



"Urggh!"



"m-urghhhhh!"

Behind him. The rock spits out hot embers!



KRACK!



"FUCK!"



CLANK!

He's too lost to notice its increasing activity...

...or the falling embers!



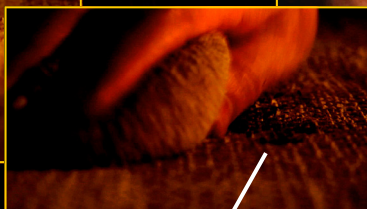
He runs the bath and undresses.

It's a struggle, a fight against dizziness to stay on his feet.

Sudden pain as he steps on a glowing shard.

He looks down.

Flames on the bath mat.




He wets a sponge and damps down the carpet, wondering how it caught alight.


The rock pulses out a glowing wave of heat and light. He turns to stare at it.

Whump!





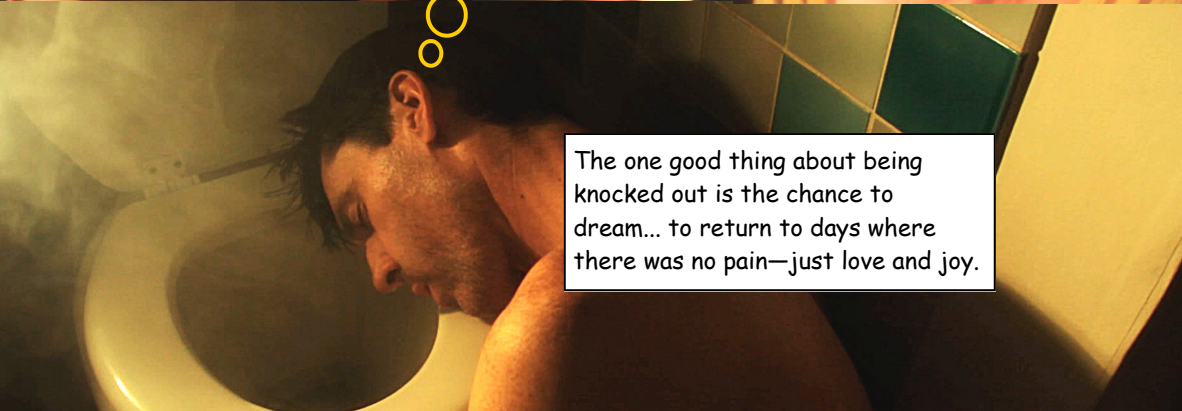
*The water explodes
into a frothing hell as
a column of water
shoots up...*



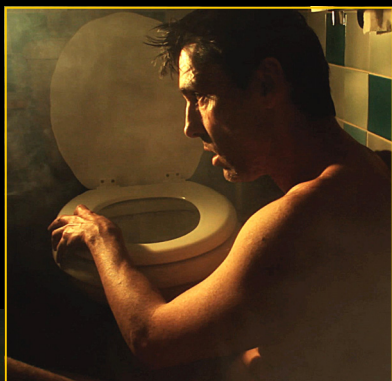
Sh!

...and hits in him the face.

*He's thrown back hard
against the wall.*



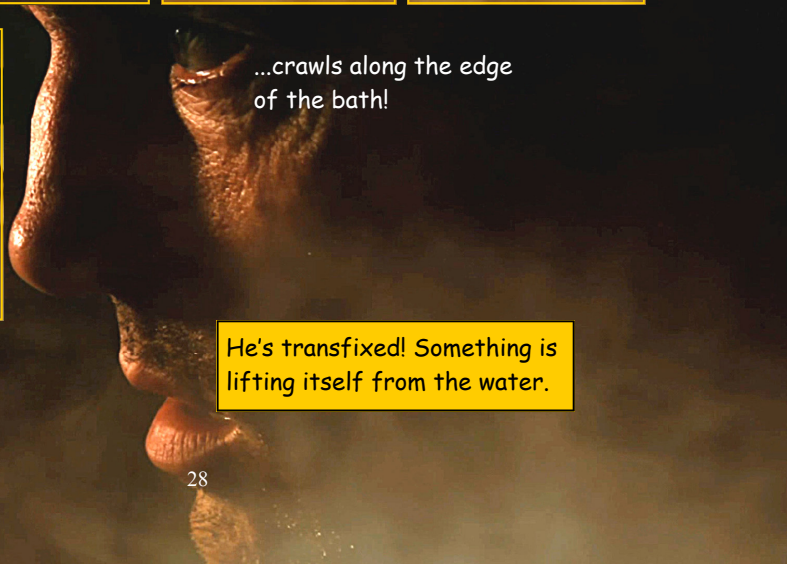
But reality always returns!



Or does it?



A hand...





As he calls out, the hand
snatches back.

"Christine?"

It's gone. But he can hear
the water. It stirs...

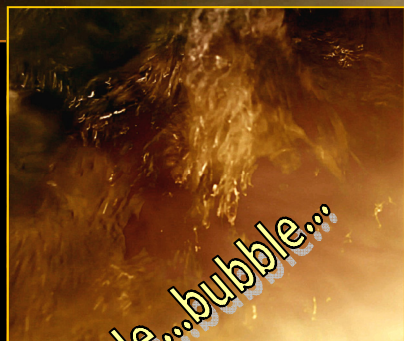
...as a face appears over
the edge.

*He lunges forwards
through the steam...*

"Christine?"

But she's gone.

Was she only there in his mind. A thought...? A hope...?



Bubble...bubble...



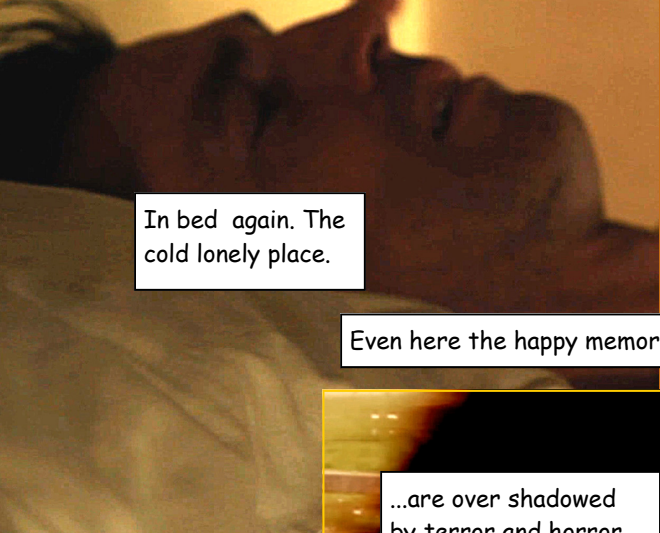
In the bath, only foaming water.




In his mind—a single question...

**"WHY? WHY DID
YOU TAKE HER
FROM ME??!"**

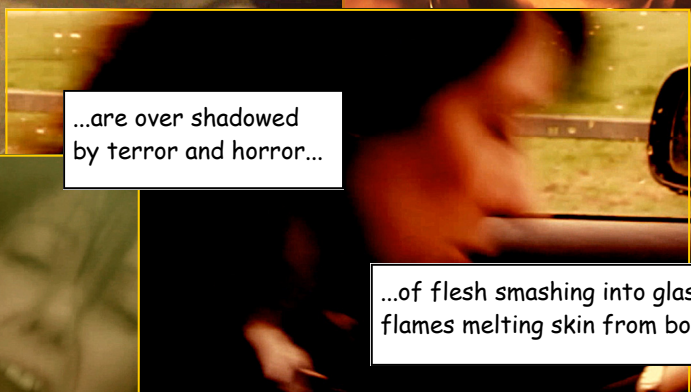
...to a deaf God.



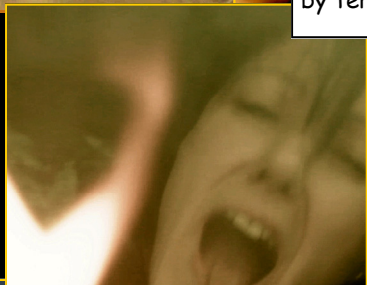
In bed again. The cold lonely place.



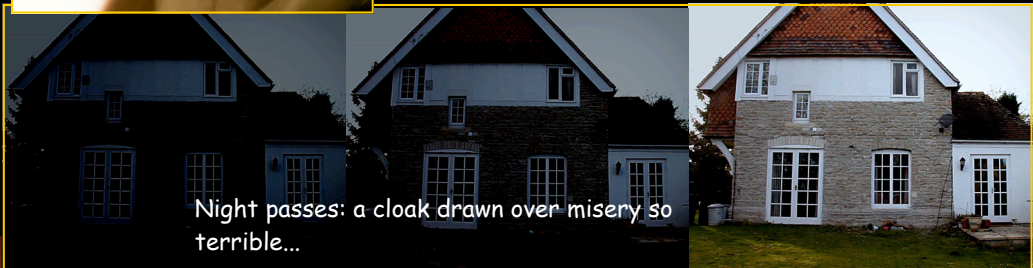
Even here the happy memories...



...are over shadowed by terror and horror...




...of flesh smashing into glass. and flames melting skin from bone!




Night passes: a cloak drawn over misery so terrible...

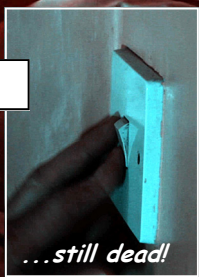
...that even the morning sun can't cleanse it.



Noise outside wakes him.



He checks for power...



...still dead!

Along the road outside, men
wrestle with machines and cable.



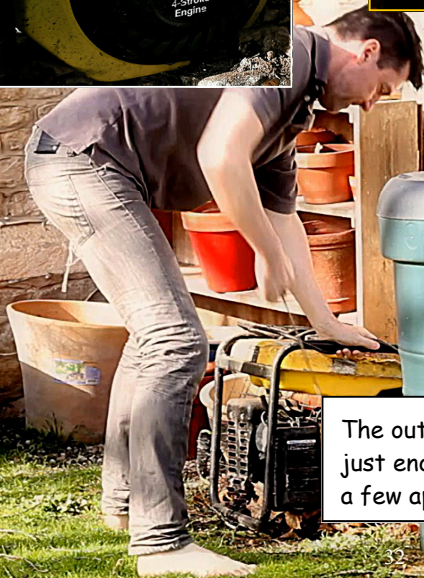
The doctor realises
it's going to take
time to restore
power,

He'd bought the generator
way back when Christine
was still alive.



It'd been a while
since it had been
started...

...but it fires up straight away.



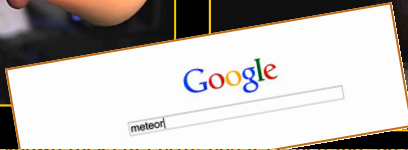
The output is small,
just enough to run
a few appliances.



He'll save on the lights.



Now he's ready to investigate the rock in the bath...



even if they have not been seen to fall (see **TESTING FOR SUSPECTED METEORITES**).

Most meteorites come from asteroids, a rare few come from larger bodies such as the Moon and Mars, and many of the smallest meteorites, "micrometeorites", are dust from comets.

Many meteorites preserve chemical and physical properties that were established 4.5 billion

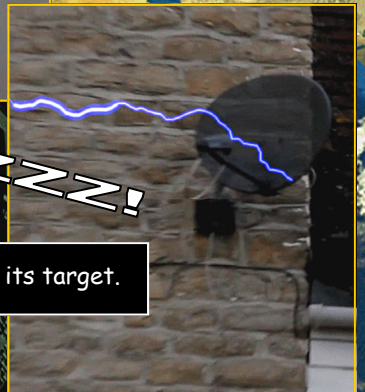


Absorbed in finding out more about meteorites, he does not know...



...above earth...

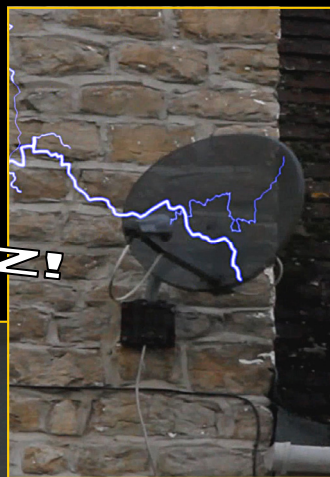
...the ship reappears...



...and discharges an electric arc towards its target.



ZZZZZZZZZZ!



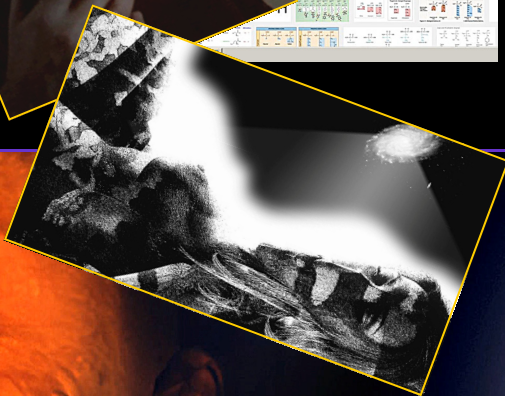
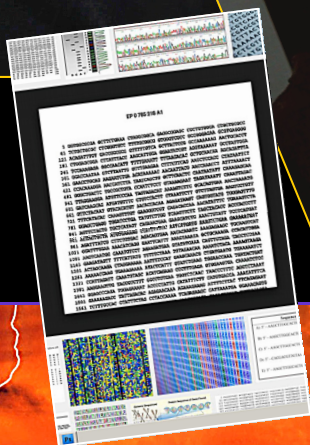
Sparks leap from the keyboard.

"Aggh!"

The screen flickers and changes.

The diagram illustrates the formation of a dipeptide from two amino acids. At the top, two separate amino acids are shown. Each has a central carbon atom bonded to a hydrogen atom (H), an amino group (NH₂), a carboxyl group (COOH), and a side chain (R). A green arrow points down to the resulting dipeptide. In the dipeptide, the amino group of one amino acid has reacted with the carboxyl group of the other, forming a peptide bond (C-N). The side chains (R) are shown in boxes. A water molecule (H₂O) is released as a byproduct. The diagram is labeled "Dipeptide" and "Water".

He watches,
stunned, as
new images
race across it...



...then freezes on a single message!

REPLAY?

(y/n?)...!



He hesitates...

More?

REPLAY?

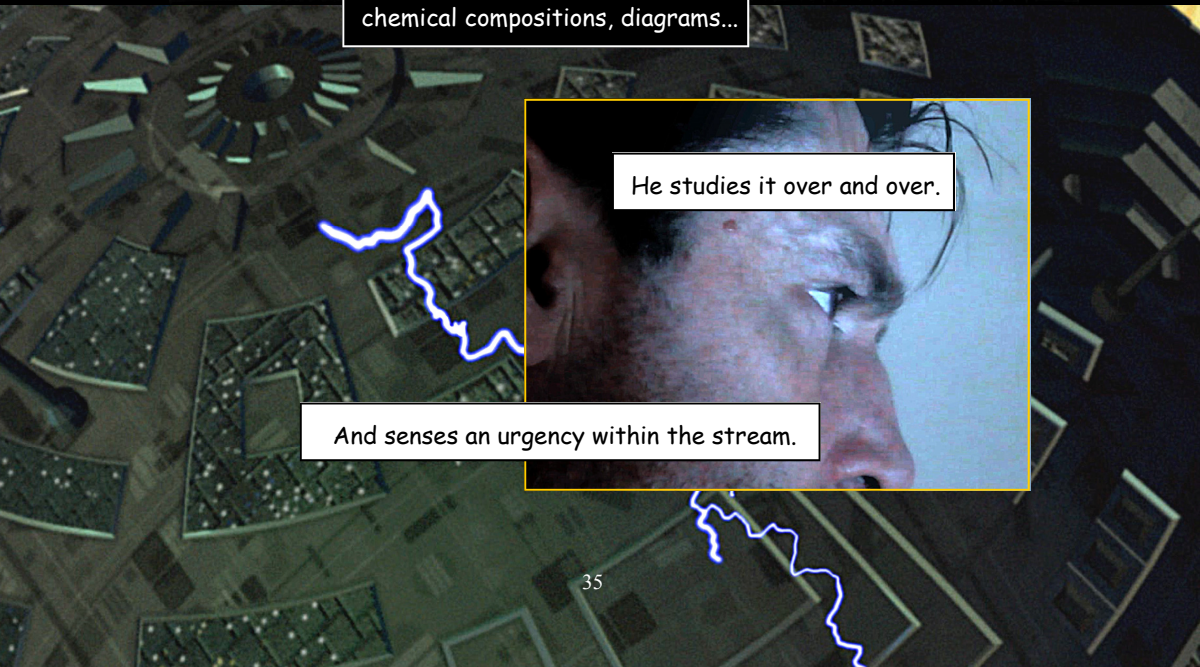
(y/n?)...!



...then presses
the key.

AGT CGTACTAA

The screen explodes with
information: genetic codes,
chemical compositions, diagrams...



He studies it over and over.

And senses an urgency within the stream.

Kitchen.

He searches his reference books...

...before selecting different chemicals from under the kitchen sink. He checks their constituents carefully, and only adds ones which he believes are close to what he needs.

The bathroom has become a steamy and dark environment as he empties bucket after bucket of volatile liquids into the water.

He empties the last bucket load.
The bath belches out gases which...

...stifles and chokes him—forcing him to exit quickly.

Retch... cough... cough...
Retch... cough... cough...
Retch... cough... cough...



He has an idea..

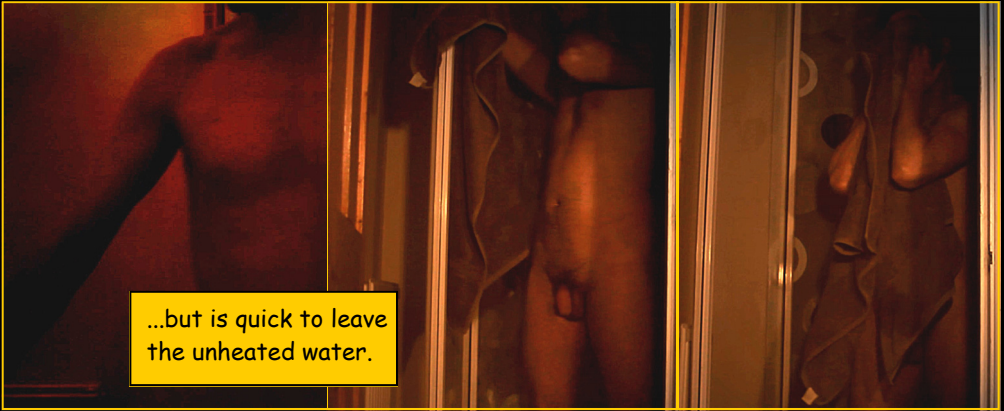


It works.

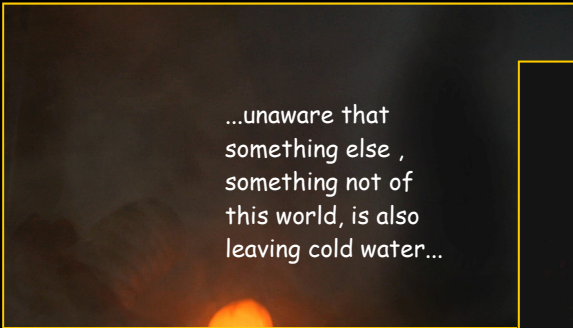


Night falls.

The doctor showers...



He grabs a towel...



Something wet and scaly emerges from the bathroom and steps out onto the upstairs landing.

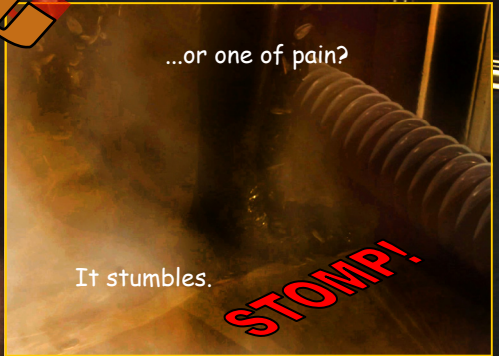




A long low frequency sound...



...a soft whale-like call...



...or one of pain?

It stumbles.

STOMP!



As he leaves the shower room...

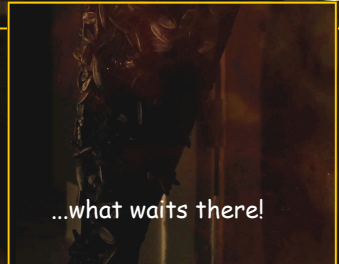


...the doctor hears the strange sound.

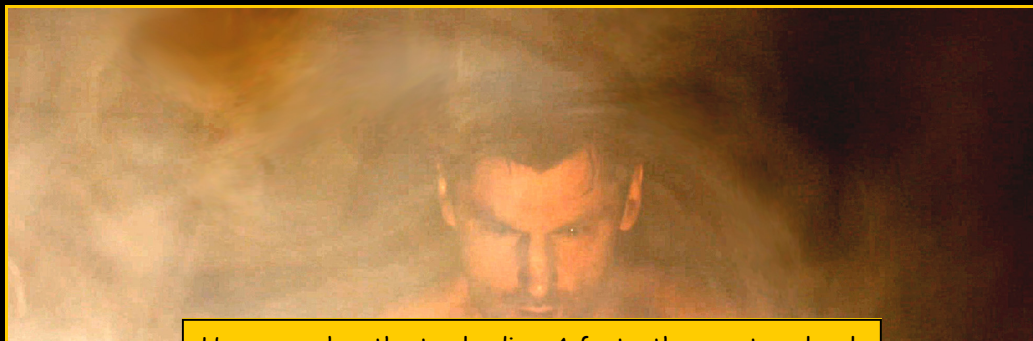


He climbs the stairs cautiously...

...and wonders...



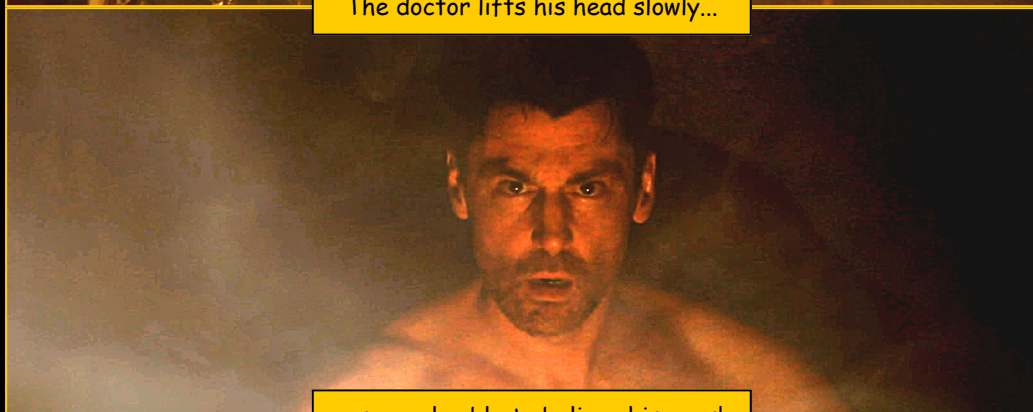
...what waits there!



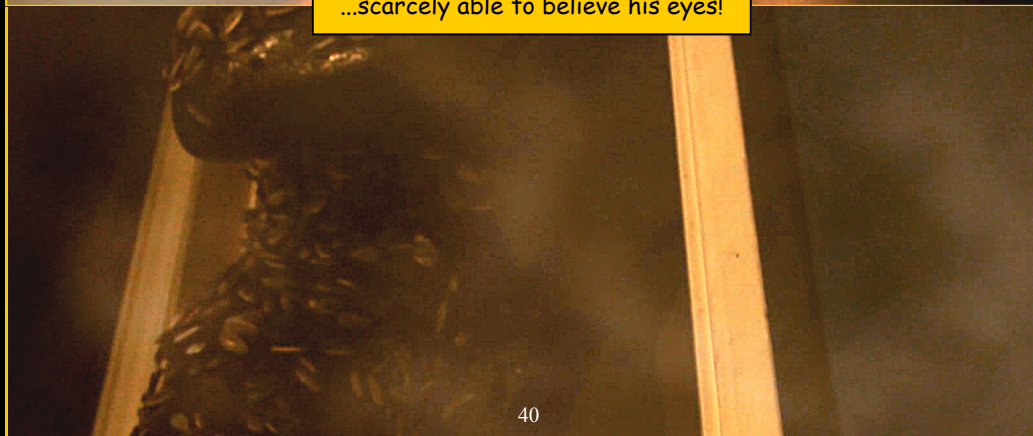
He approaches the top landing. A foot... there—at eyelevel.




The doctor lifts his head slowly...



...scarcely able to believe his eyes!




A dark, leafy figure is positioned within a doorway, its form partially obscured by shadows. The figure appears to be gripping the door frame. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, yellowish light emanating from the doorway, creating a suspenseful atmosphere. The figure's head is at the top of the frame, and its body extends downwards, with leaves and branches visible throughout.

A scaled figure stands there
gripping the door frame.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a man's face, looking upwards with a wide-eyed, intense expression. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his forehead, nose, and cheekbones, while the rest of his face is in deep shadow. The background is dark and out of focus.

He moves closer...



..as the creature lets out a low whining sound, as though...

UUU-EEE-AAAAGGGGH!

It's in pain—
or... maybe
scared.


It slides down the door
frame to the floor.



Its breathing
is laboured.

Phuhhhha-Haa-Phehh

The doctor moves very slowly so as not to
frighten it. They stare at each other.



When he's a few inches away, he stops.
The creature seems calm...



...but then the mood changes..



*It
lashes
out!*



*But the
doctor ducks
back.*

*And returns
unharmd to
his position.*

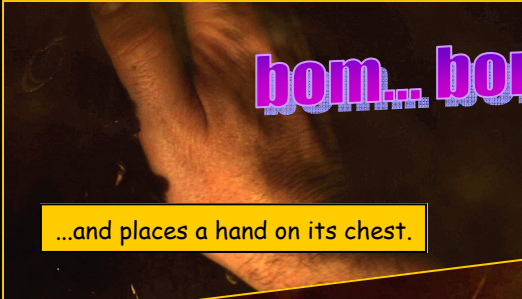
It seems resigned... tired.... weak.



The creature closes its eyes.

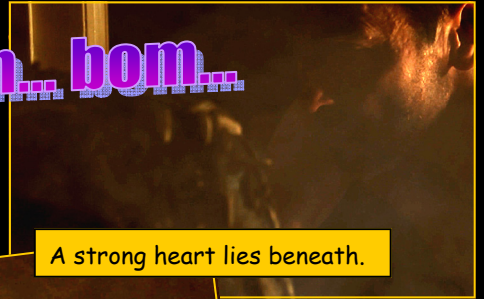


He reaches out...



bom... bom... bom...

...and places a hand on its chest.



A strong heart lies beneath.



Suddenly—two scaly hands grabs his arm!

Shwowk!

He pulls, but their grip is too strong.



"Sa-dumpa!"



"Sa-dumpa?"

He listens as it repeats it over and over.



A memory...

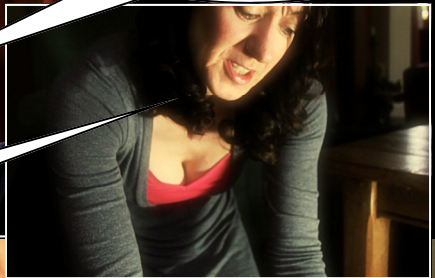


...an afternoon with Christine.



"I'm just scared
of them a bit...."

"I thought you
didn't like spiders?"



"...until..."





"They no-longer
fear me!"



"They just need
a little love."



The memory fades.

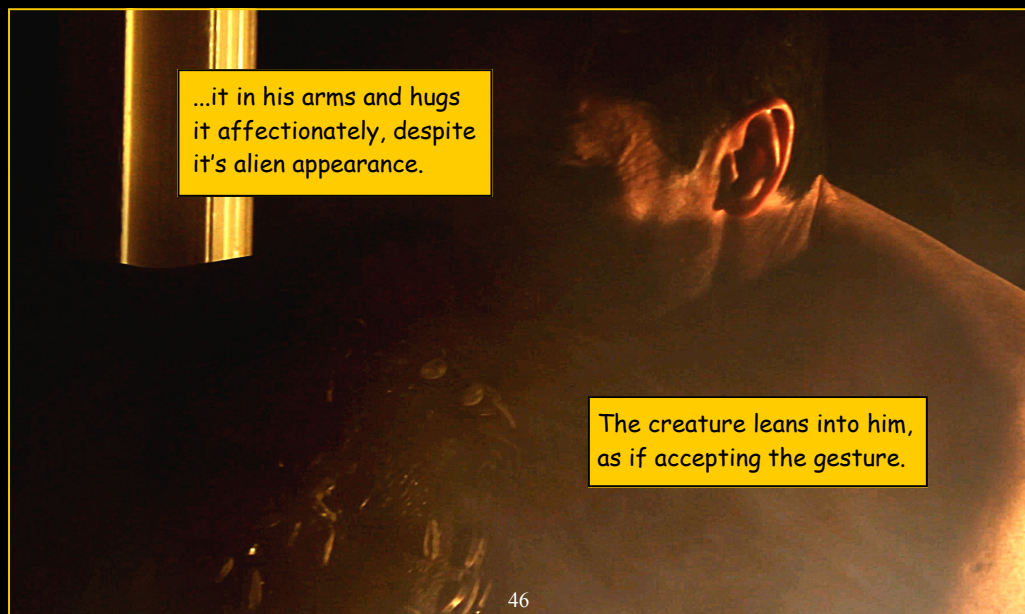


"Sa-dumpa..."

"Love...?"



It sighs. He takes...



...it in his arms and hugs
it affectionately, despite
it's alien appearance.

The creature leans into him,
as if accepting the gesture.



Somehow, the tender gesture belies the harsh exterior of the creature. The doctor gently pushes his nails into its scaly skin and is surprised when...



A section peels away revealing soft pink flesh beneath.



He helps it stand up.

And aids it down the stairs towards the shower room.

Shower room

Pssshhhh!

He probes the scaly exterior, wondering where to start.

He grips a section and tears it away. The creature lets out a soft moan.

The water seems to soften and loosen the scales, so he sprays and wipes, picks, brushes, tears off more and more.

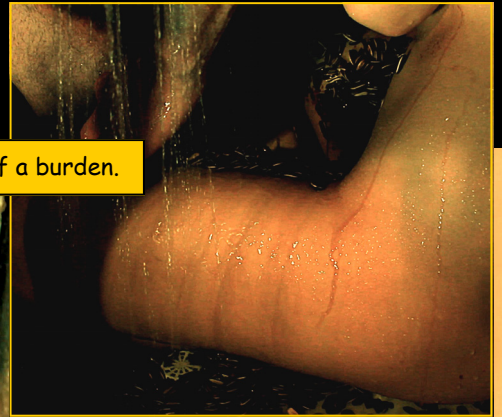
Soft white skin beneath is becoming more exposed. And the creature feels warm to his touch.



It doesn't seem in pain.



More like relieved, to be rid of a burden.

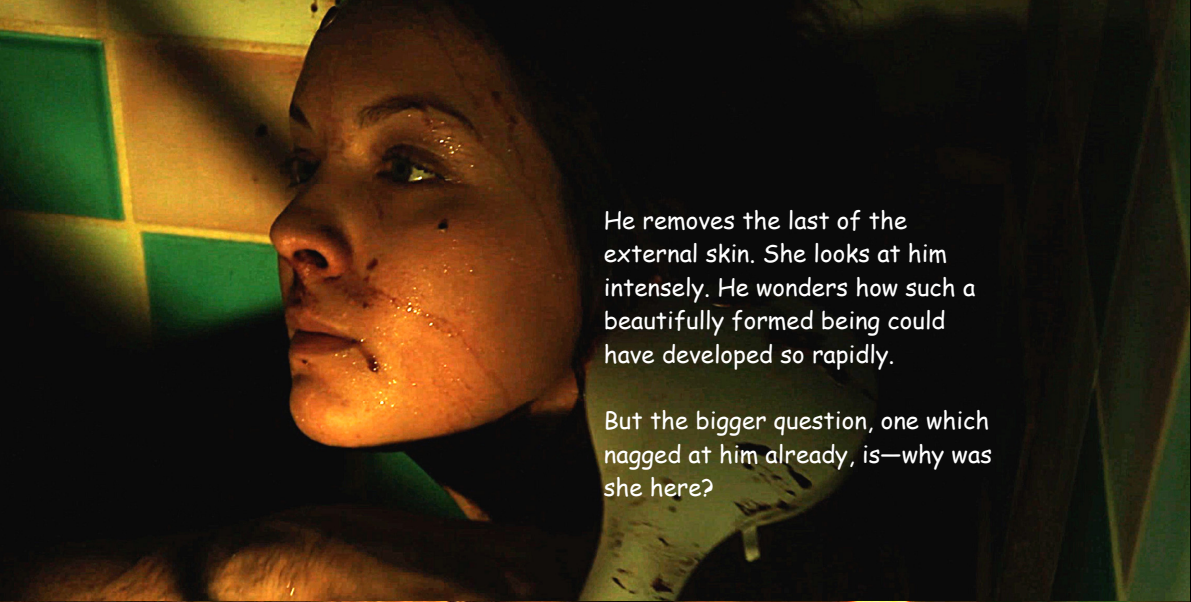


He could see now, it was female.



A pretty face looks up at him and smiles.





He removes the last of the external skin. She looks at him intensely. He wonders how such a beautifully formed being could have developed so rapidly.

But the bigger question, one which nagged at him already, is—why was she here?



She is still weak.
He helps her to stand.



And strokes her tenderly to reassure her she is safe.



"Different!"

"Man."

"Woman."



"Wo... Wo-man".

Yes. Woman."



He has an idea...



...to show her how she looks.



She beholds her reflection.



He waits patiently.



Then, thinking of the cold shower and her welfare...

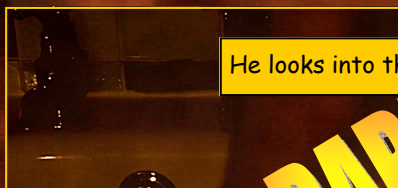


He leads her out of the shower room and upstairs.



They pass the bathroom and he stops her. Steam still billows from the bubbling bath tub. He leaves her in the hallway and goes into the bathroom.

He looks into the bath and goes to pull the plug.



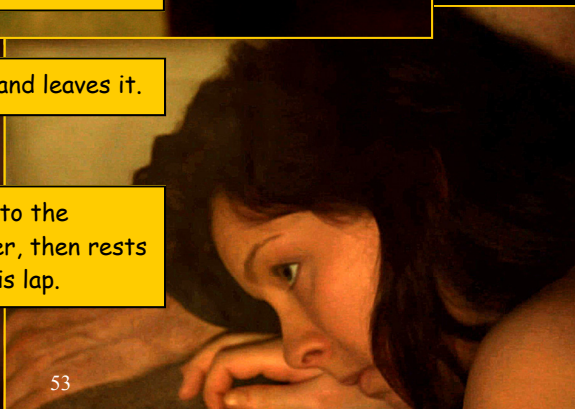
GRAB!




She Stops him.

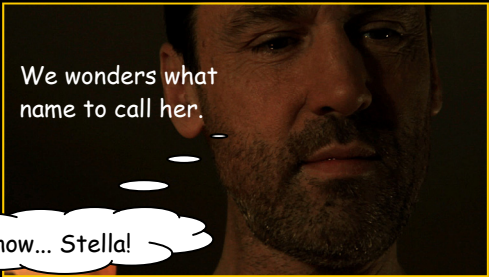
He does as she wants and leaves it.

She stares into the frothing water, then rests her head in his lap.





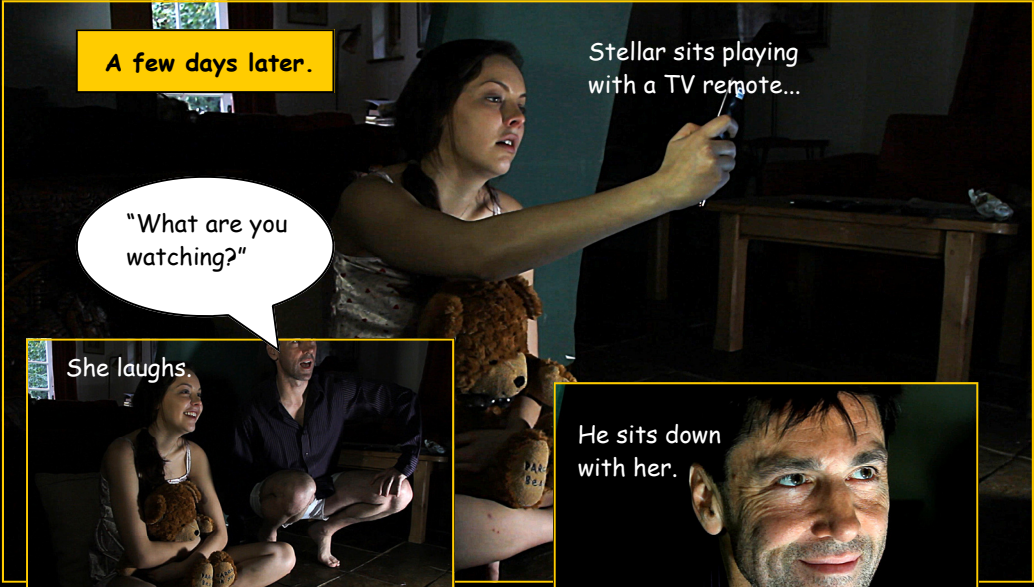
He tucks her into bed.



We wonders what name to call her.


I know... Stella!

A few days later.

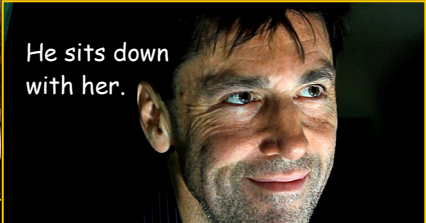


Stellar sits playing with a TV remote...


"What are you watching?"



She laughs.



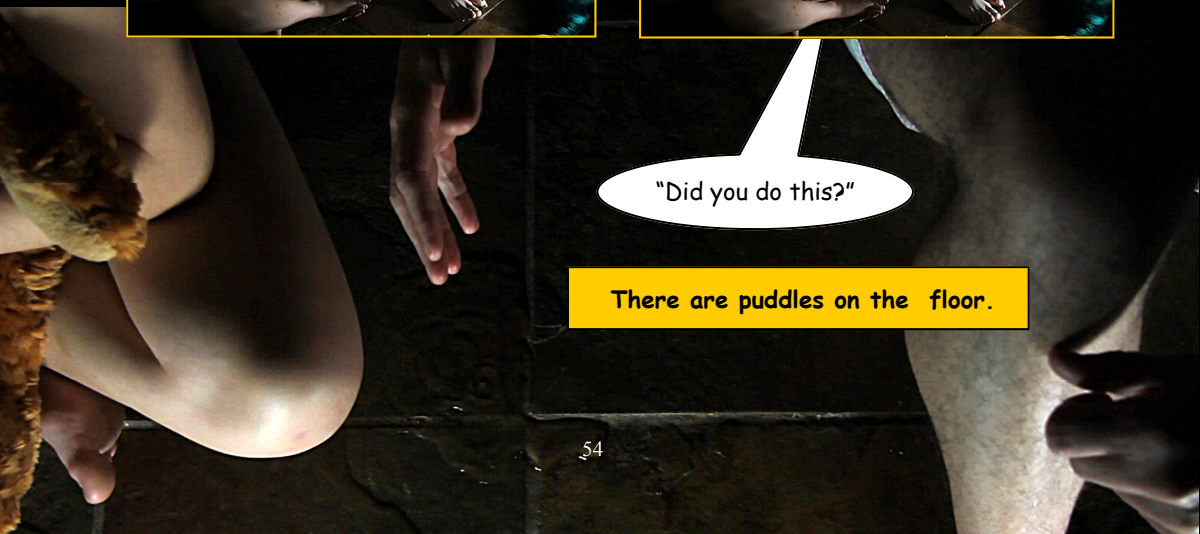
He sits down with her.



But then...



"Stella?"



"Did you do this?"

There are puddles on the floor.



"Stella?"



"Is this you?"



"I think this was you."



"Nmmm!"



"No. Not teddy."



"Imnh"

"I know it's you."

"See!."



"You mustn't do that."



"Use the toilet, ok?"



She looked like a full grown woman, but...

"Ok. Now. Go here."



"You understand?"



"Always use the toilet."



Nightfall.



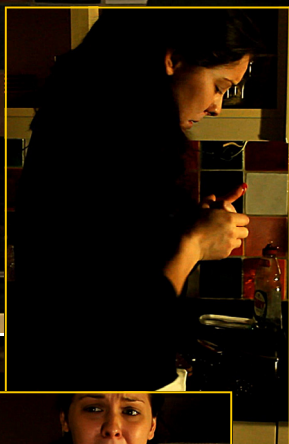
In the days and weeks which follow, the doctor understands she is a growing child needing care and guidance. He is amazed at how rapidly she develops.



Sometimes, this new task allows him relief from his grief,



He is always there for her.



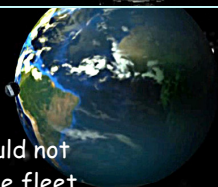
"Aghh!"



"What's wrong?
You cut yourself."

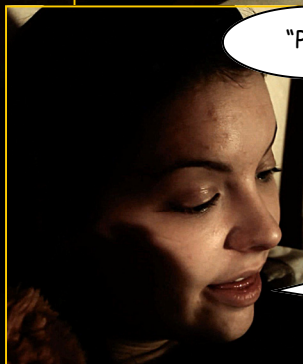
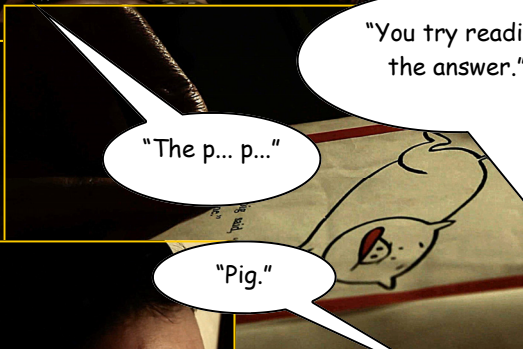
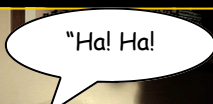


The doctor could not
be aware of the fleet
of ships from another
galaxy moving towards
our solar system.



*Nor their connection
with Stellar!*



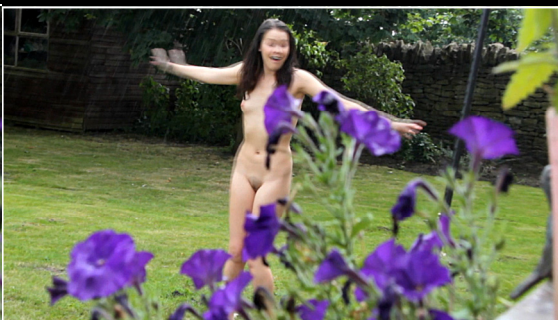


There was something in her look as she said it, something odd!





Over the next few weeks she blossomed.



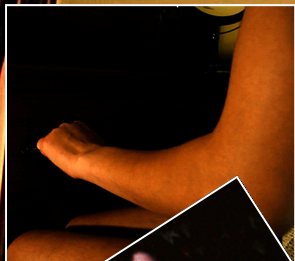
He loved her innocence. One sunny day he found her dancing in the rain full of laughter and joy.



Soon, he must show her the data on the computer.

Would it spoil all this, he wondered?

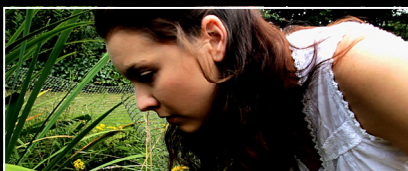
There were times when he wasn't always there to watch her. Times, when alone, she would explore her own desires & aims. Girls growing up turn into women.



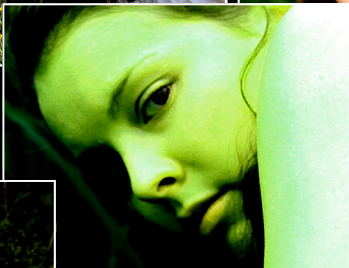
The only other woman in the house was not a real woman, but a picture in a digital photo-frame—Christine, the doctor's dead wife.



But she increasingly sensed there was something different about herself, and she resented it.



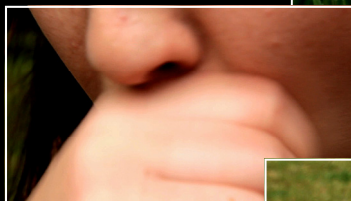
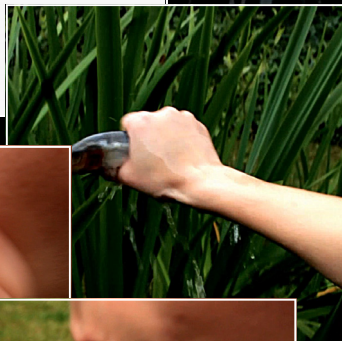
She could be
sly sometimes.



Especially when she thought he
would disapprove.



Her eye was quick.
Faster than humans.



And although he
gave her everything,
it was not always
enough.



She
preferred
live food.



But kept it from him.



The doctor had secrets from her too. He feared the time was coming when he'd need to tell her more about how she came to be here, and why he broke his promises to her. And she was now mature enough to want more than confined space.



She questioned more each day...

"No go out!"




"Why?"




"I put nice dress on.
You say I learn quick,
you take me outside..."

"...see people."

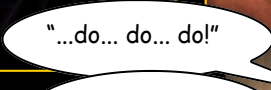




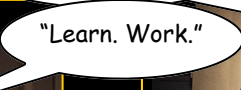
"I told you. Not yet. We still have things to do."




"What we do? We do..."




"...do... do... do!"




"Learn. Work."




She bangs the table in emphasis.




"We have to find out something first. There's stuff on the computer..."



"Stuff? What is stuff?"



He resigns himself. He'll tell her...

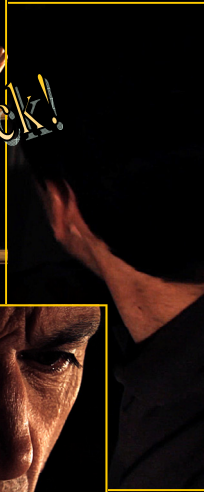
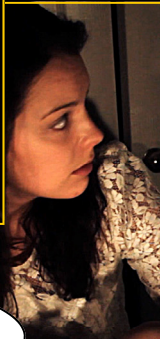


"Why you no answer?"

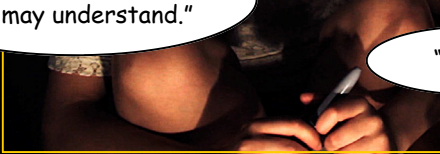
Clunk!



Sigh!



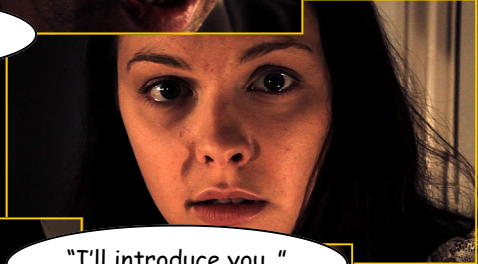
"Special data! Stuff you may understand."



"Shit!"



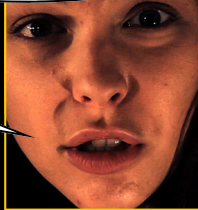
"Say nothing."



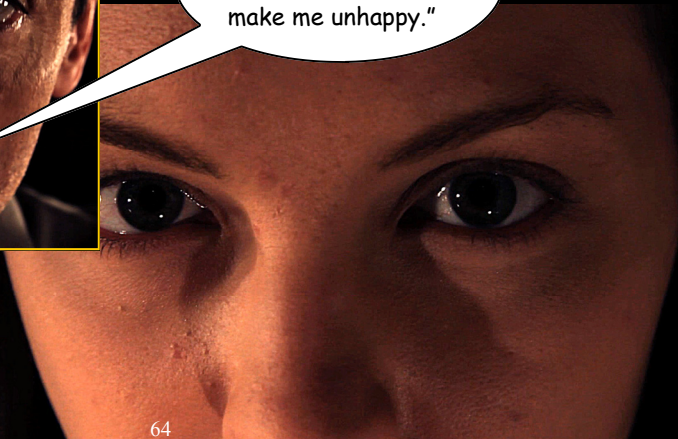
"I'll introduce you.."

"After you say hello to my friend, you go to your room."

"Introduce?"



You do it, yes?
Otherwise you make me unhappy."



Ah he goes to answer the door,
Stellar reaches towards his whisky...



"just keeping
my promise."



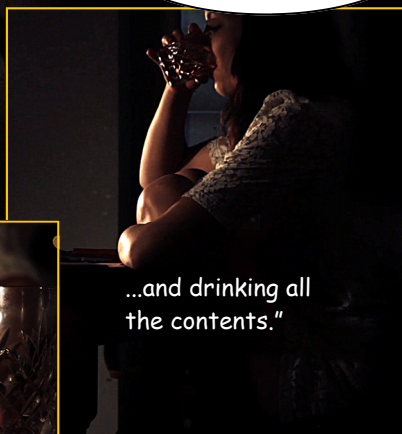
"I'm sorry. You
have company..."

"Don't be silly
Val. Come in."

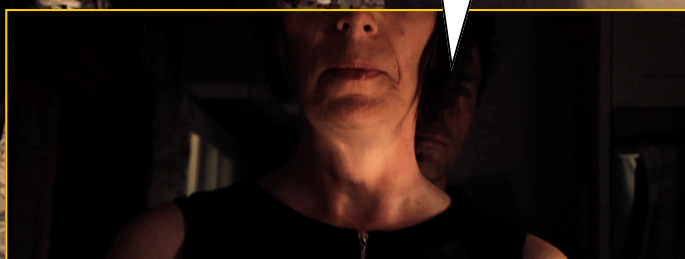
They don't notice her
lifting the glass...



...and drinking all
the contents."



"Val, this is Stellar.
Stellar, this is my friend
Val."





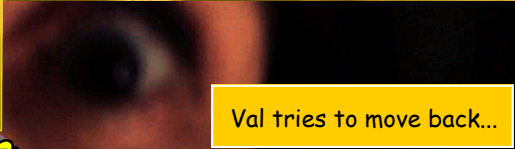
As Stellar stands,
she feels faint.



Dizzy!



Her vision—blurred!



Val tries to move back...

Too late!



Stella falls back. Her eyes are like glass.

"UUUrrrrggggggggggggggggggggggggg hhhhhh!!"

s-sh-h-ake!

She shakes violently!

"She's having a fit. Get something for her to bite on or she'll lose her tongue."

s-sh-h-ake!!

67

[illegible][illegible]

1-1h-h-ake!!

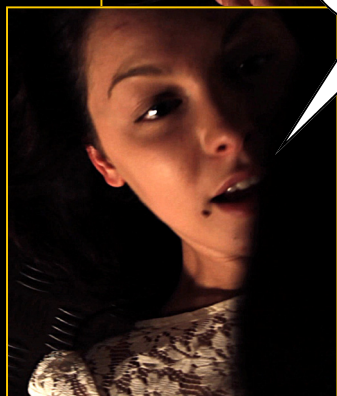


She stops shaking, lies still, eyes wide open. For a moment they think her dead.



"It's ok. I'm alright now."

She gets to her feet and looks accusingly at the table...



...and the empty glass... and then the doctor!



"How you drink that. Nasty!"



"Sorry Val."



Stellar gives the doctor a look...



...and storms out.

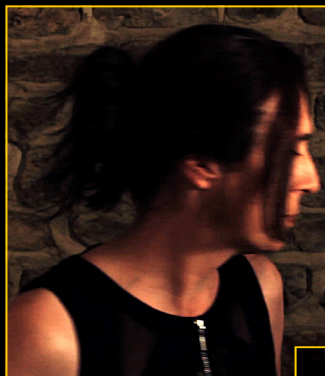


"Do you have any of Christine's clothes left?"

"Sure. In the wardrobe."



"Mind the mess outside the bathroom. I was doing some work."



He gets a cloth...

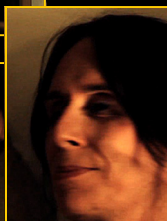
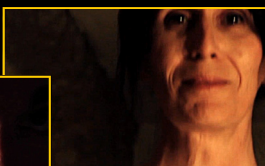
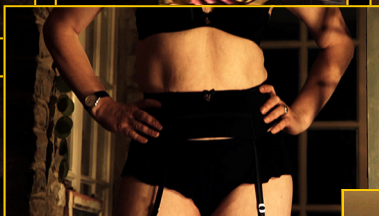


...as she leaves.



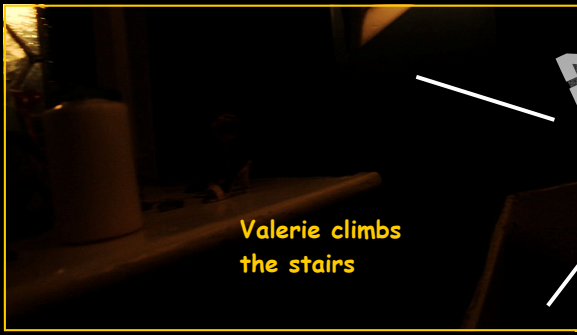
Her dress suddenly falls onto his hand.

Plop!

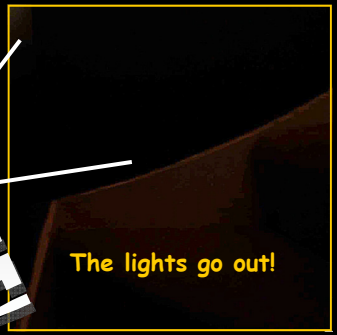


Bang!!

For a moment, she's there half-naked, grinning... then she's gone.



Valerie climbs
the stairs



The lights go out!

ZZZZ-PHT!



She continues. Steam fills the stairway.



She reaches the bathroom.



Looks in.

And wonders about the frothing bath.

But then... A noise—muffled, behind the other door.

SSShhh-chink-SHUNK!



She doesn't notice... but something... changes!



The sound of a baby crying...

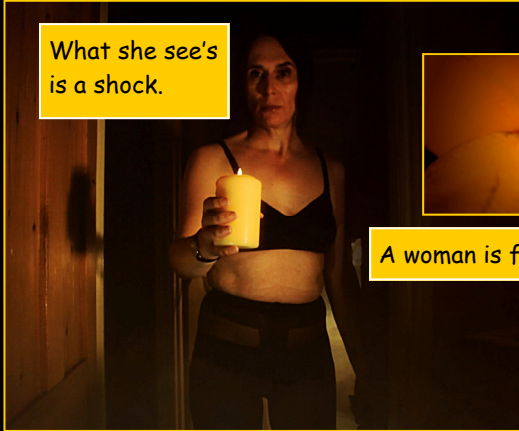
...behind the other door!



She listens.



Then slowly opens the door.



What she see's
is a shock.



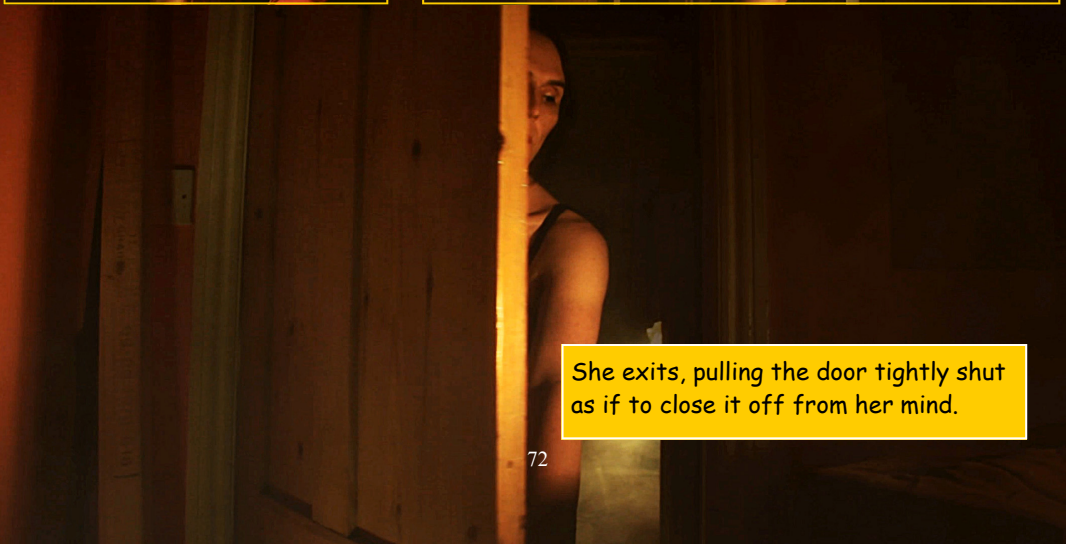
A woman is feeding her baby...



...and that
woman is *her!*



Disbelief. Fear!



She exits, pulling the door tightly shut
as if to close it off from her mind.



Val enters the bedroom.



She looks in the wardrobe...



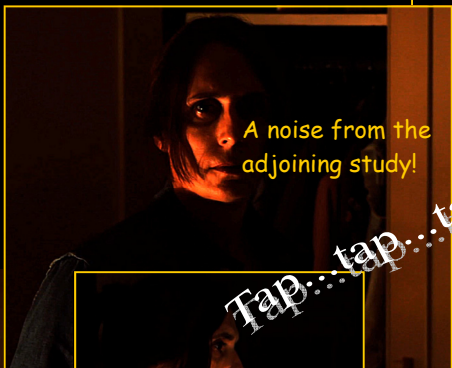
...picks out some clothes...



...and dresses quickly.



A noise from the adjoining study!



Tap...tap...tap...

She investigates...



"Hello again."

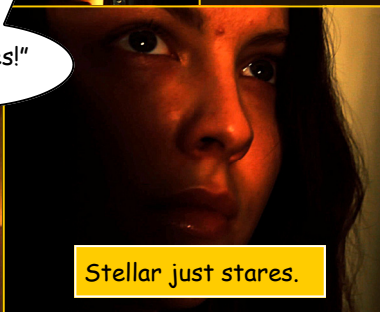


"That's the beauty of laptops..."

"...batteries!"

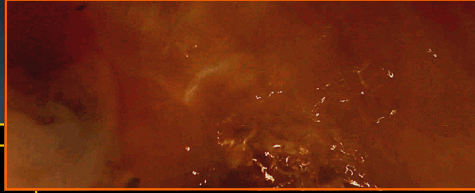
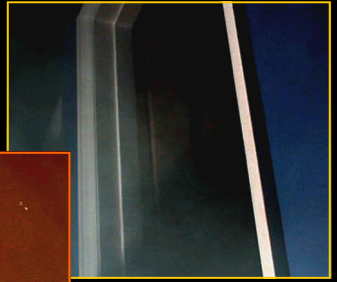
Tap...tap...tap...

Stellar just stares.





Something stirs in the bath.
A shadow emerges from the
bathroom.



Stellar types rapidly.

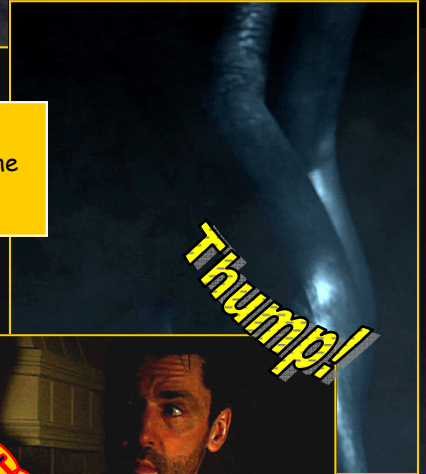


Thump!



Thump!

It strides
slowly into the
bedroom.



Thump!



Downstairs...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Thump!



The doctor goes to investigate.



Upstairs.



He approaches them.

When he enters the bedroom, the doctor finds Valerie and Stellar mesmerised by something. He walks up to them, concerned...



He hasn't noticed...



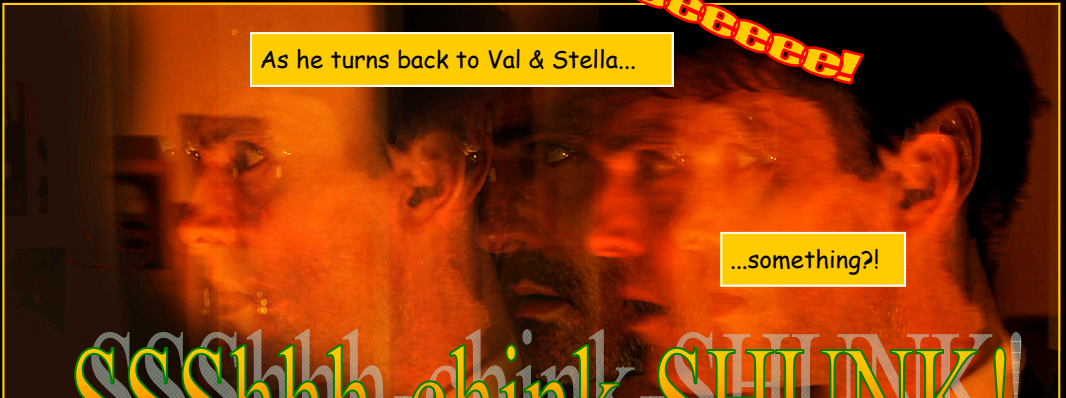
...another presence...



"Erm. This chap just came out of your bathroom."

...in the room.







"...have to write to the power company..."

"...and make a formal complaint."

Val & Stella are gone! His dead wife stands there alive and well!

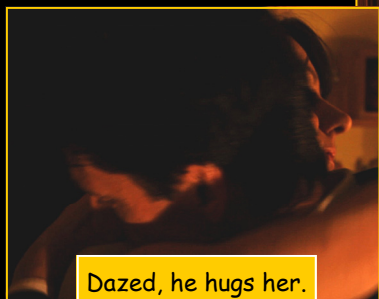
"Are you alright love..."



"...you look like you've seen a ghost?"



"Er..."



Dazed, he hugs her. She's solid...real!

"Won't be a minute love."



He remembers this time, from before. It was their wedding anniversary. There had been a power cut that night just before they went out for dinner...

He needs a moment alone—needs to understand what's happening. He steps into the hallway.

"I'll just brush my teeth."

It's clear. No steaming bath. All is as it used to be.

The bathroom.

Sure, he'd been hitting the whisky over last the year, but recently—not so much.

Something odd. His reflection in the mirror...

He touches his face but his reflection—it... it... lags.

He thinks that something surreal and unfathomable is happening. Or...

...he's going insane?

Either that or else he's somehow caught in an impossible breach of the universe's rules.



"Great. We'll be down right away."



"Cab's here."



"Well? How do I look?"



"You look wonderful. You go down. I have to get something."



He wonders...
Is it there?

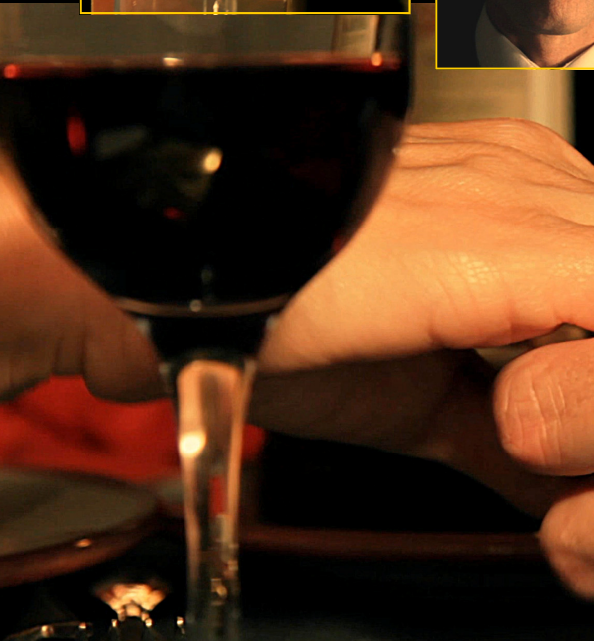


Yes!





At the restaurant.



She makes a wish. Blows out the candles.



Back at the house.



Still no power.



"I was thinking. That seminar you're going to next week."

"Why don't I drive you.?"



"No need. Val's taking me."



"Val?"



"Yes. She's going to the seminar too. We'll take my car, but she'll drive."

"Now. I was thinking..?"

"Yes..?"





!?

SSShhh-chink-SHUNK!

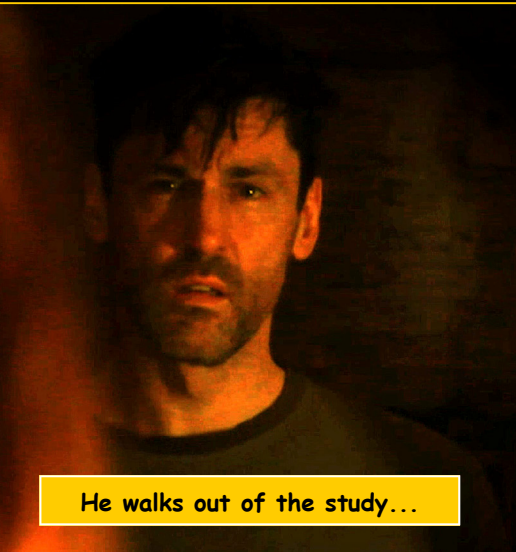


FLASH!

A red glow outside.



He walks out of the study...

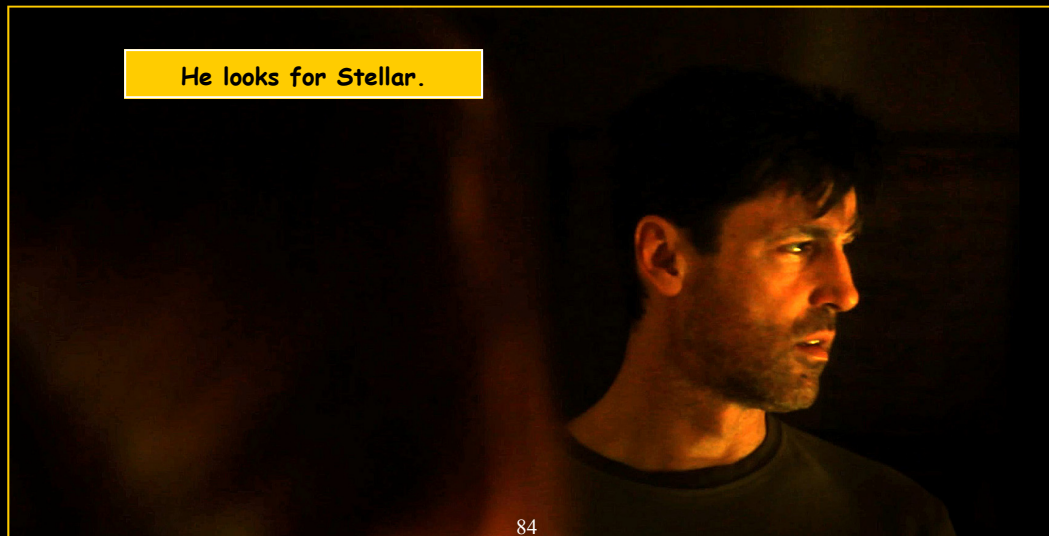


His wife is gone. It is as it was earlier...

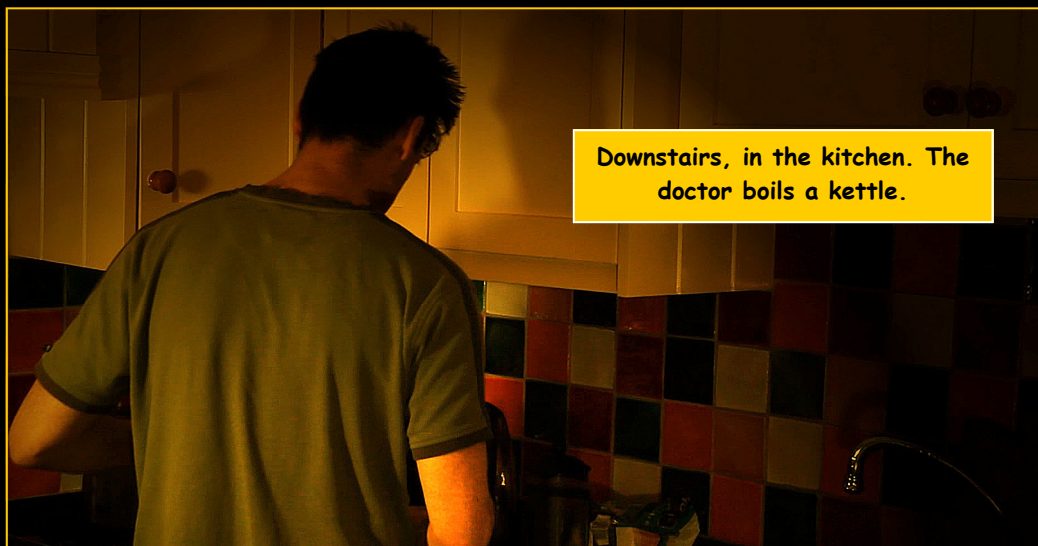
"Good. You're back."



He looks for Stellar.







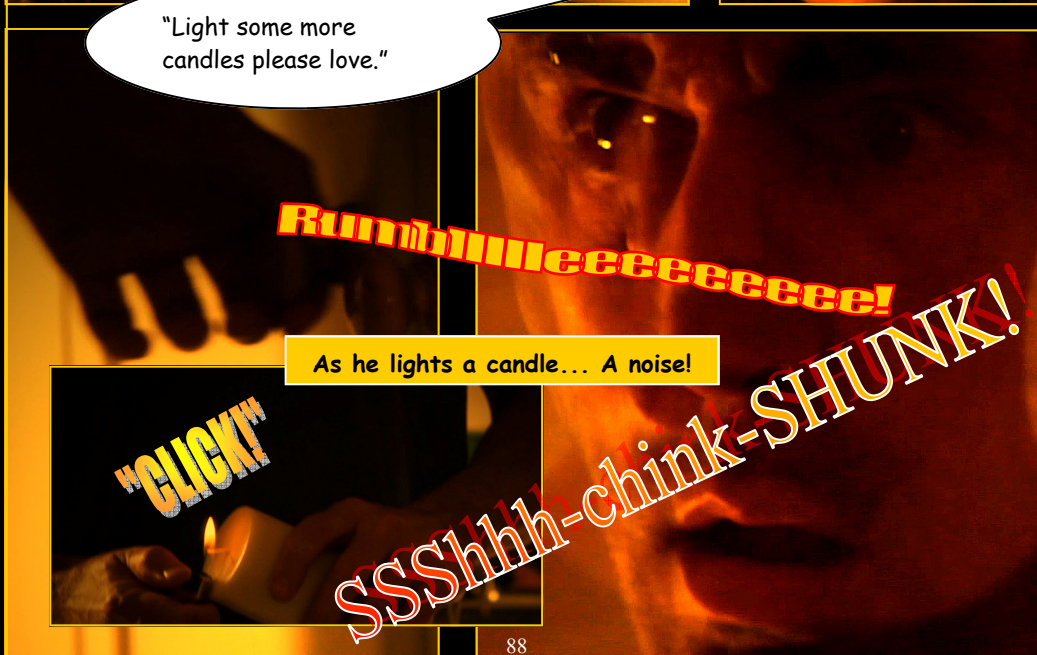
Downstairs, in the kitchen. The doctor boils a kettle.



Valerie sits at the table and waits patiently.



"Christ! For a moment upstairs, I thought I was going mad."





"Urnhhh..."

His wife has vanished.

"What the hell...? They're aliens James. Aren't they?"



Valerie is there.



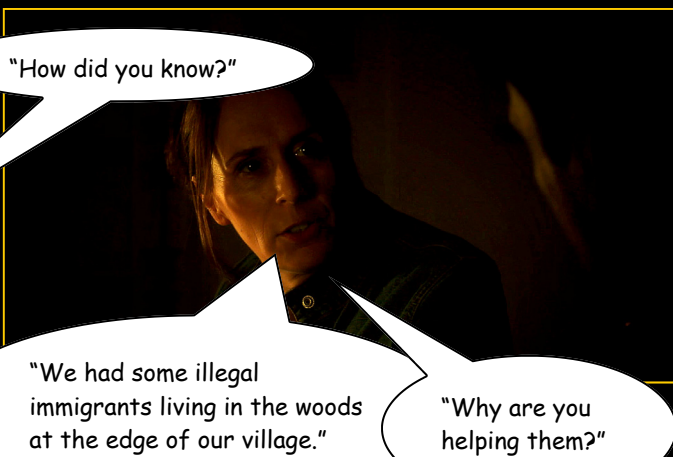
He's stunned.

He's confused...

"How did you know?"

"We had some illegal immigrants living in the woods at the edge of our village."

"Why are you helping them?"

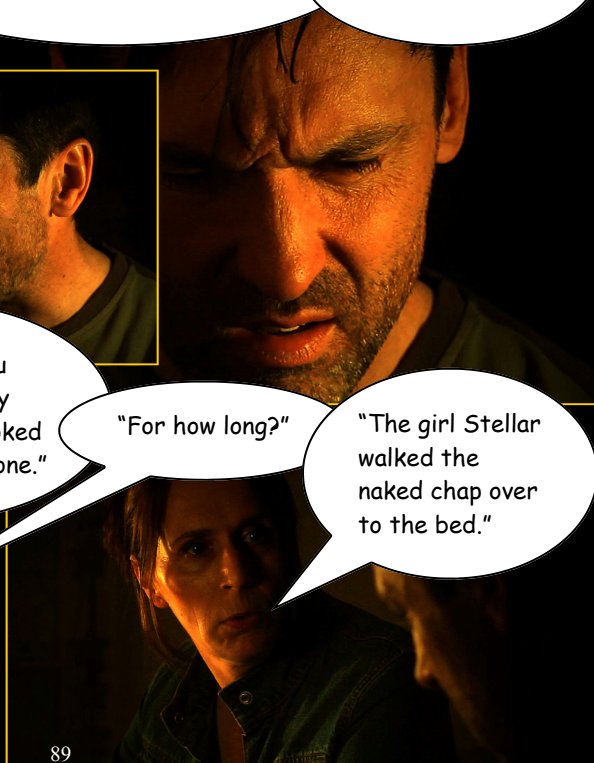


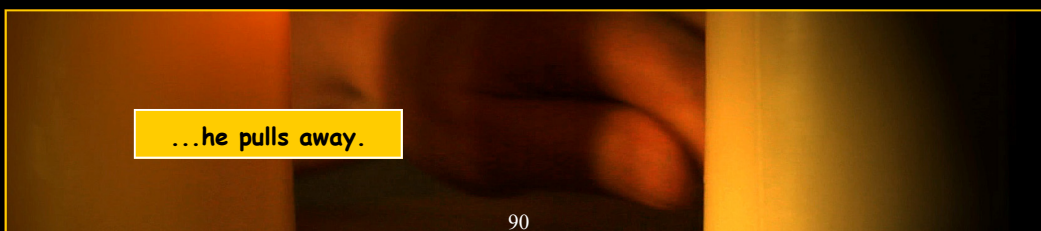
"Upstairs... You said, 'You're back.' Where did you think I'd gone?"

"I don't know. You were by the study door. When I looked back. You were gone."

"For how long?"

"The girl Stellar walked the naked chap over to the bed."

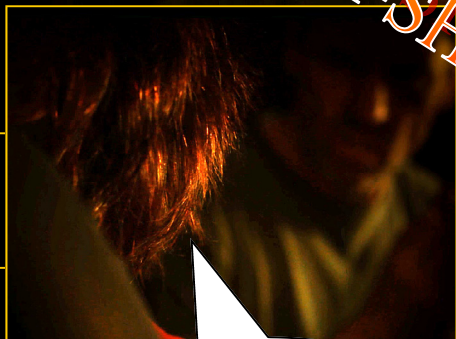






As he looks up... a noise!

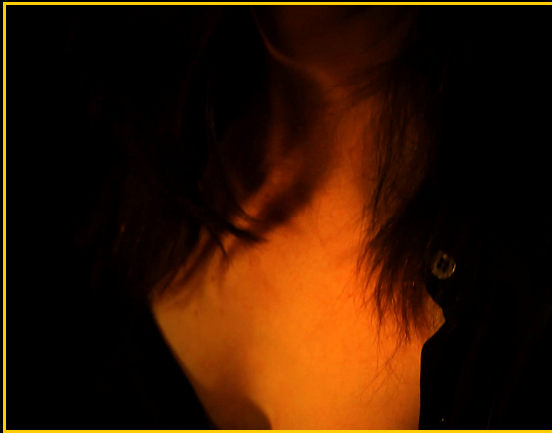
SSShhh-chink-SHUNK!



He stares... speechless!

"Are you sad you and Christine had no children?"

"The trouble is..."



"...they are so..."



"...greedy!"

She has a baby at her breast!

For the doctor, it's the last straw!

"AAAAAAAAAGGGHHHH!"

A noise...

Displacement...

Replacement...

Downstairs bathroom.

Pain!

Silence.

The doctor stares into the mirror. Where did this begin, he wonders. Upstairs... he was upstairs. He had gone up because of the scream...

The stairs.

Click...tick...flick...flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

A new sound.

flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

Upstairs

flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

He pushes the bedroom door...

flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

He sees a hand. It shakes violently. The strange noise comes from inside. He pushes the door and steps inside.



flicker...flick...flicker-flick...



flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

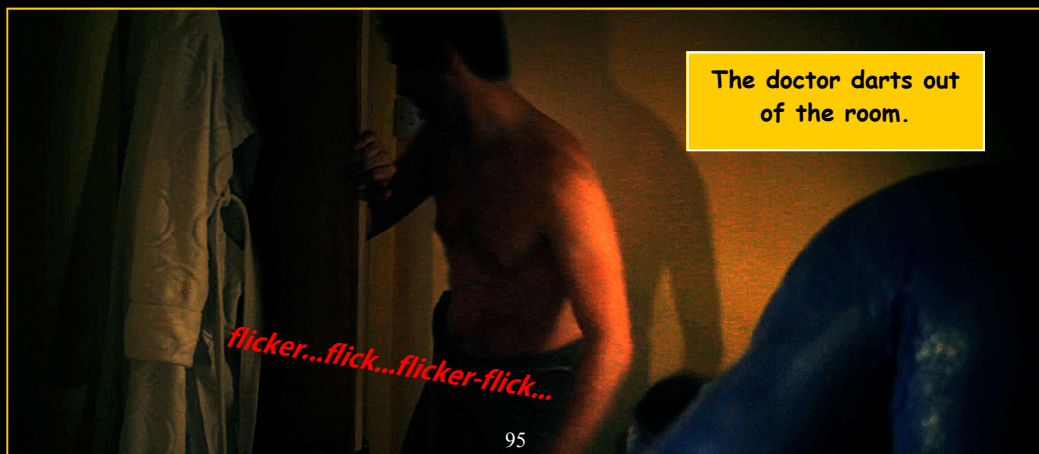


flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

The strange creature is doing something to Stellar.



flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

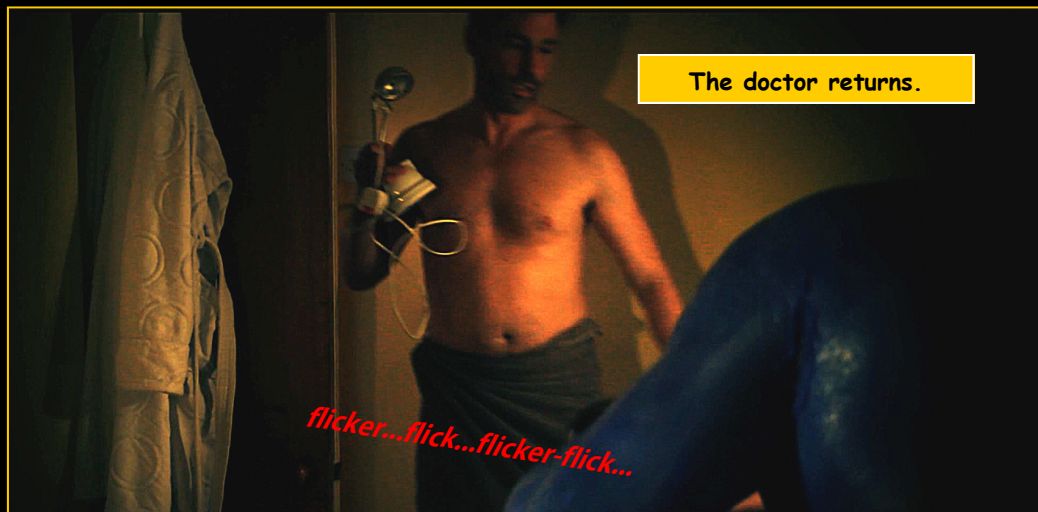


flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

The doctor darts out of the room.



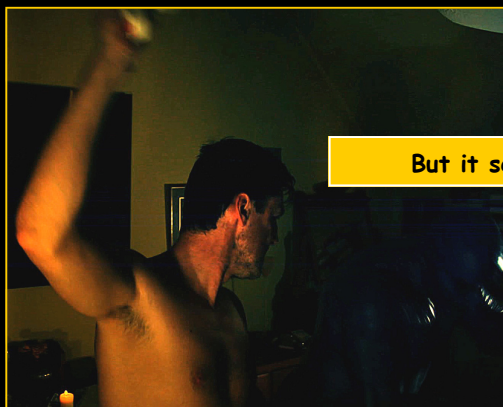
Nanobots stream into Stellar's mouth.



The doctor returns.



He lifts the lamp to strike the strange creature.



But it sees him.

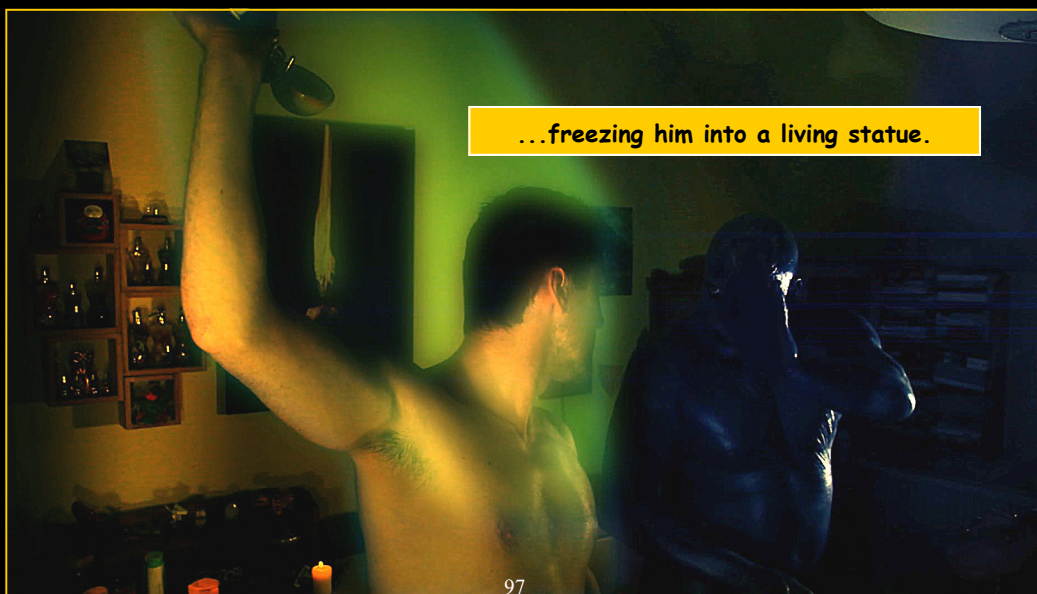


Wha-o-o-errrr



Wha-o-o-errrr-ooshhhh!

A green ball of energy flies towards the doctor...



...freezing him into a living statue.



He looks up, sees with something other than eyes...

...a ship approaching earth.

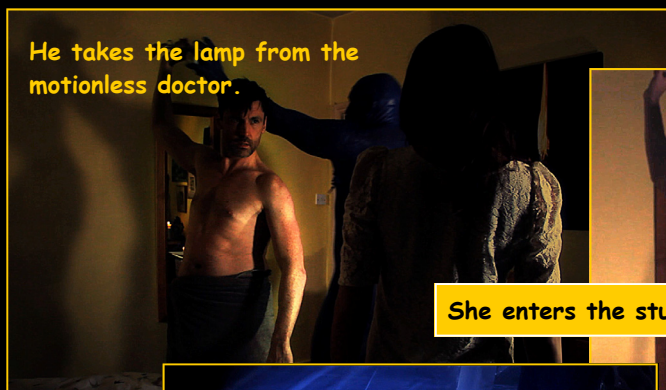




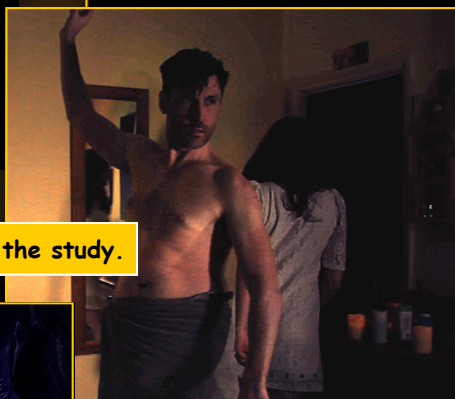
She decides!



"Fok-chu-shika"



He takes the lamp from the motionless doctor.



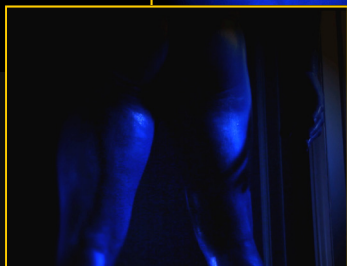
She enters the study.

The hallway.



THUMP!

He prepares to carry out her instruction.



What he is about to do is what he was designed for—a task beyond all human capability!



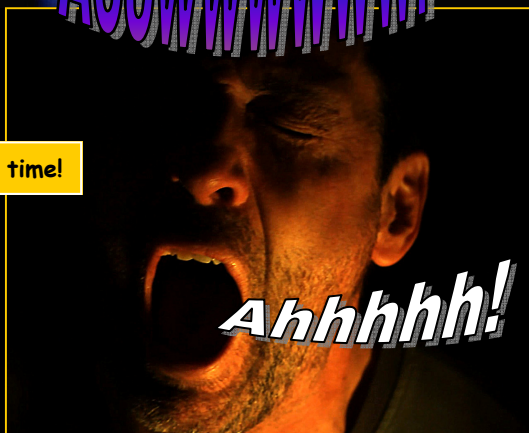
He opens his mouth wide and roars. It's a sound that travels not just in space...



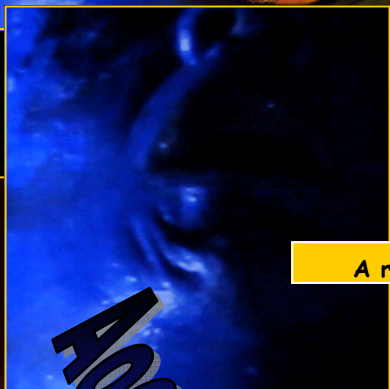
Aooowwwwwww!



...but in time!



Ahhhhhh!



A roar which echoes as a scream...

Aooowwwwwww!



Ahhhhhh!

BOOSH!

Ahhhhh!

Another scream joins the throng.

Thump!



It's Valerie.

"Huff... Huff..."



And something about her moment now is linked to the past and to the future!



Is linked to a car crash...






Aaghhh!

...betrayal...



Aaghhh!

...and Christine's death!



"Let me help you
Christine."

But time itself links all things...

A close-up shot of a person's foot resting on a light-colored hospital bedsheet. The person is wearing a green hospital gown. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, yellowish light source from the left.

Squirt!

Birth.

A close-up shot of a person's face, showing a pained expression with their mouth open in a scream. The background is a bright, warm, yellowish light, possibly from a window or a lamp.

Aghhhhh!

Pain.

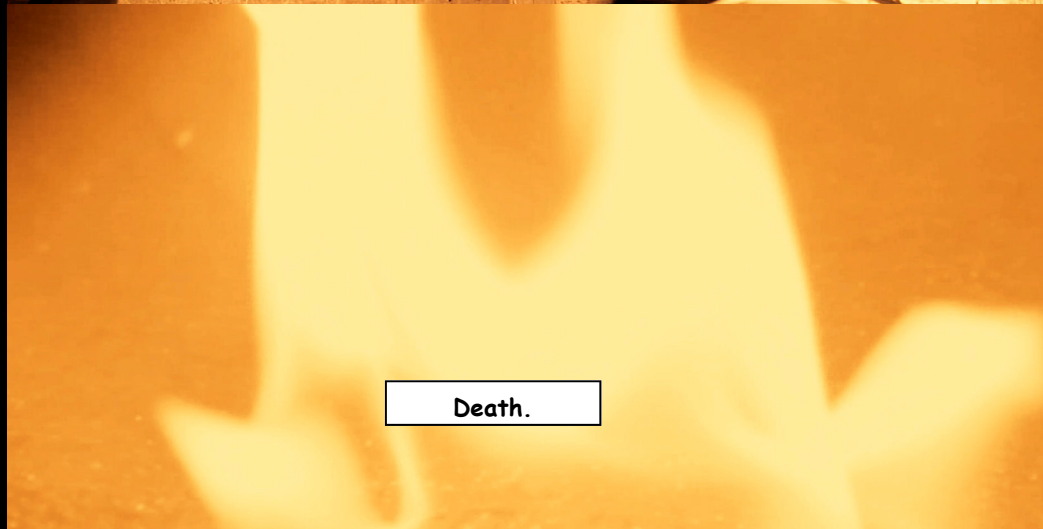
A woman with dark hair tied back, wearing a dark jacket, is sitting in the driver's seat of a car. She is looking out the window with a serious expression. The car is parked outdoors, and the background shows some trees and a wooden post.

Hatred.



Slam!

Revenge.



Death.

Valerie smiles as she hears a new born baby cry for the first time,

What once could not be, is now assured.

Sigh!

Desire.



Later.

"James?"

Sob...sob...



"You think you're going mad, don't you?"

"I keep seeing Christine."

"That's because you *are* seeing her."

"I keep seeing stuff too. We are not hallucinating."

A tapping noise from the study—like typing.

The tapping sound quickens in pace.

Tap... tap... tippety-tap... tap...

"It's real!"

"I'm not following you. What are you suggesting... Time-travel?"

"No. *Time slip!*"



"And it's got something to do with your close-encounter lady friend in there!"

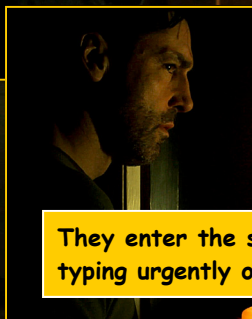


"Close-encounter...? So you know."

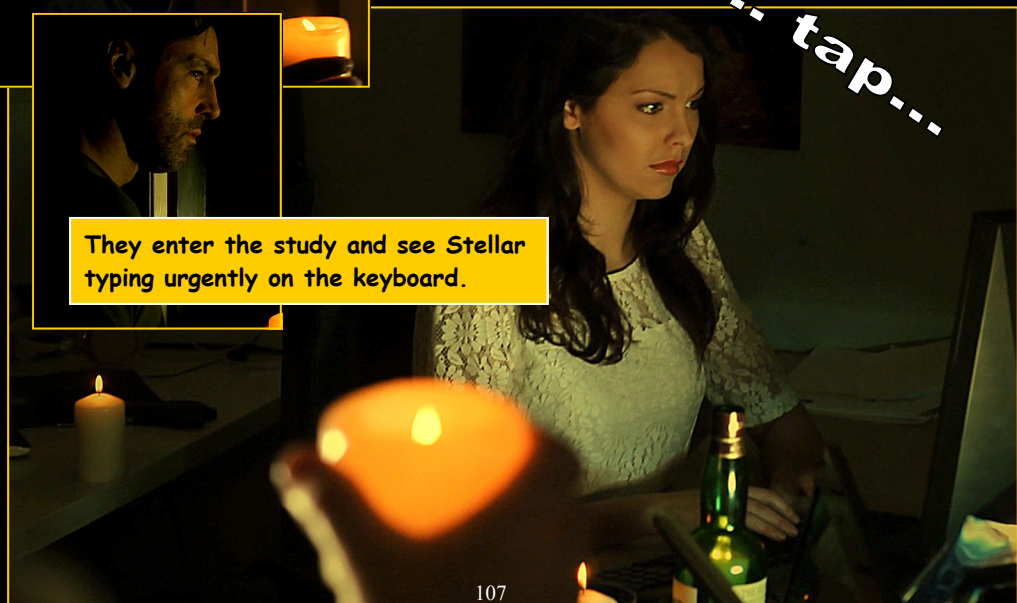
A clicking noise from the study grows louder.



"Come on. We need to speak with her."



They enter the study and see Stellar typing urgently on the keyboard.





"Good. All stable now then."



"You're speaking differently."



"You did not follow all the culture plans properly."

"I couldn't get all the stuff."



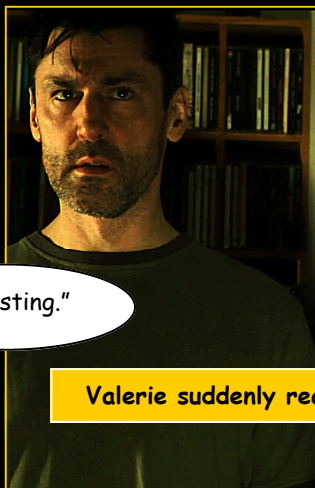
"No matter. I'm whole now."



"What's he doing out there?"



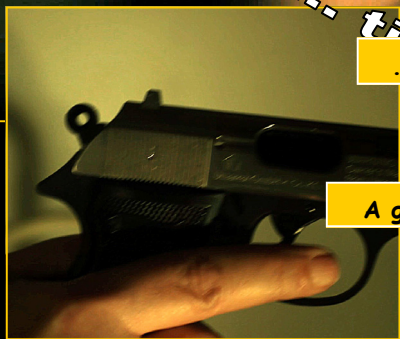
"Assisting."



Valerie suddenly reaches into her pocket...

Tap... tap... ti...

...pulls something out.



A gun!



erty-tap... tap...

"Good. Then he won't stop me taking you with me then."



"Val? What are you doing? Where did you get that?"

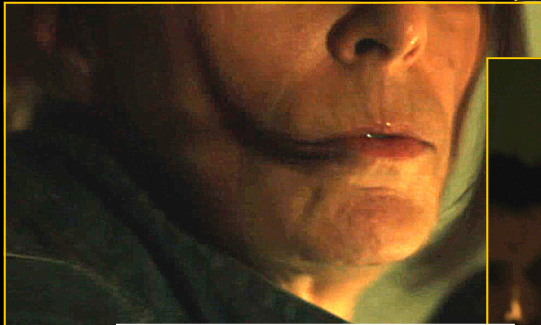




"She wants to have me taken away for experimentation..."



"...like my predecessors."

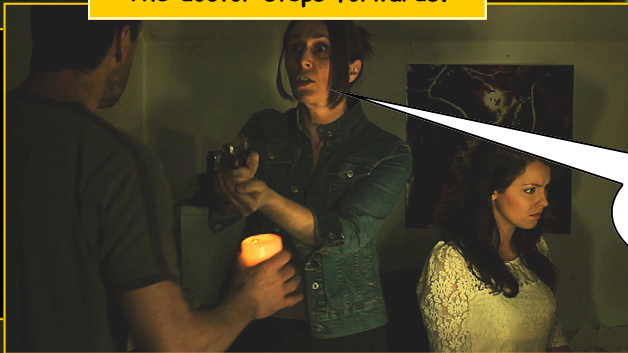


The doctor steps forwards.

Valerie swings around suddenly.



She points the gun at James.



"Don't come any closer or I will need to stop you."

"I mean it mate!"

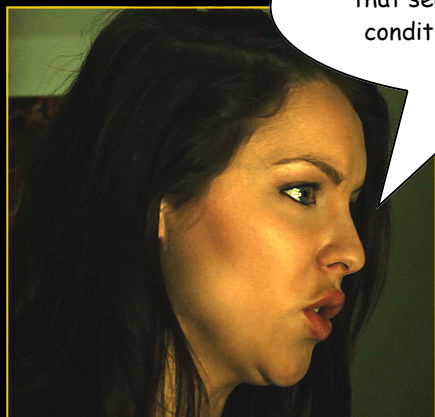




"What are you doing? We are supposed to be friends."

"Have you gone mad?"

"From what I'm learning, that seems to be the normal condition of your species."



"I'm sorry James. This is more important than any of our lives."




"Christine knew about it."

Her remark startles him. He speaks with subdued anger...




"What did Christine know?"

A close-up shot of Valerie with long dark hair, wearing a light-colored lace top. She has a serious, intense expression and is looking slightly to her right.

"About our first attempts to contact you."

Valerie swings back towards Stellar.

Valerie is shown from the chest up, looking back over her right shoulder towards Stellar. The background is dark and indistinct.

"No reply, and we were running out of time."


A close-up of James, a man with a beard and short hair, looking off-camera with a somber and weary expression.

James sits down and goes quiet.


Valerie is shown from the chest up, looking directly forward with a determined and slightly menacing expression.

"I am the third to come."


Valerie points the gun at Stellar.

A close-up of Valerie's face, showing her eyes wide and her mouth slightly open in a gasp or intense focus.

"I need you to answer a few questions."

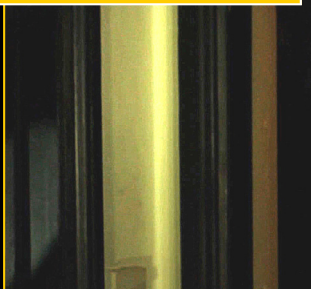
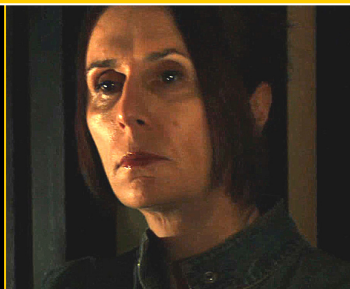
Valerie is holding a handgun, pointing it directly at Stellar. She has a firm, unwavering expression.

"Sorry. No time for that."

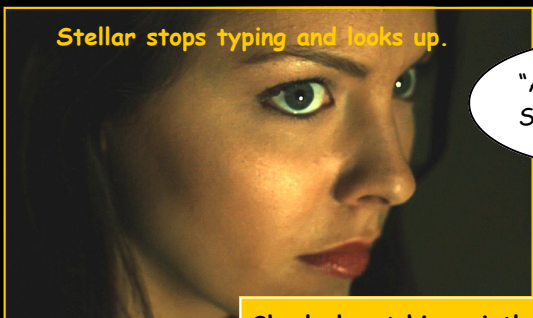
A wider shot showing Valerie on the left, holding the handgun on Stellar. Stellar is on the right, looking down with a somber expression.

Valerie thinks for a moment. Her eyes go dark. Whatever she plans to do next is likely to be a dark thing, an act to give her control...

She pauses by the door for a moment, eyes black as carbon... then she's gone!



Stellar stops typing and looks up.



"Are you gone Stellar?"



She looks at him quietly before answering.

"You showed me love."



As she turns back to the monitor...



BANG! BANG-BANG!

Shots ring out!

Valerie re-enters the study.
James looks at her questioningly.

"What—have—
you—done?"

"I just got rid of
any complications."

The room shudders as though from
an earthquake tremor.

"Oh dear!"

"That was a
very stupid
thing to do."

"He was giving
us time!"

"Things will now
accelerate."

Time shatters!

SSShhh-chink-SHUNK!

Time is but an illusion... a watch on a human hand, a false artefact to measure a trait of the universe thought to go in one direction like an arrow from a bow. But the universe recognises no such child-like notion. There is no arrow. There is only all things linked—past and future, unfolding simultaneously, all futures, all pasts, all nows! The universe seeks its own resolution.



BANG!

Shhh-chink-SHUNK!



"Ah... ah... ah..."



Pound-thump-thump... thu...



"Ah...."

Valerie is in ecstasy: closer...
closer... closer...



ah... ah... "

...closer in time...



"Ahhhhh!"

...to her aim!



"S-i-g-h..."



"Fourteen
years ..."



Young children at play laugh outside the bedroom

Chuckle...chuckle...

"...and we still love it."



"So long as they don't hear us."



"I'd better go and make them breakfast."

"Eggs on toast?"



"Suits me."



"James?"



"What is it love?"



She hesitates...

Nothing."

"Won't be long."



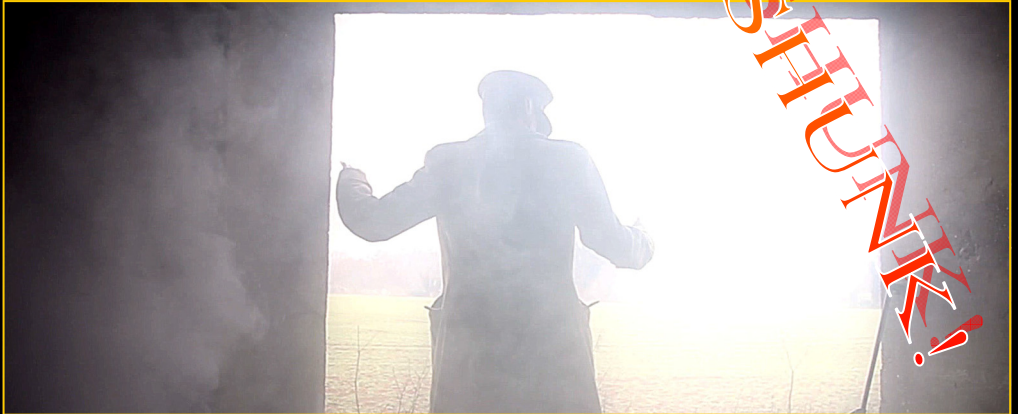
She leaves.

The doctor gets up and
walks towards the window.



As he draws back the
curtain, a noise...







Two planes battle in the sky overhead. They scream towards him.

Rat-a-tat-tat!



Instinct kicks in. He grabs for the rifle.



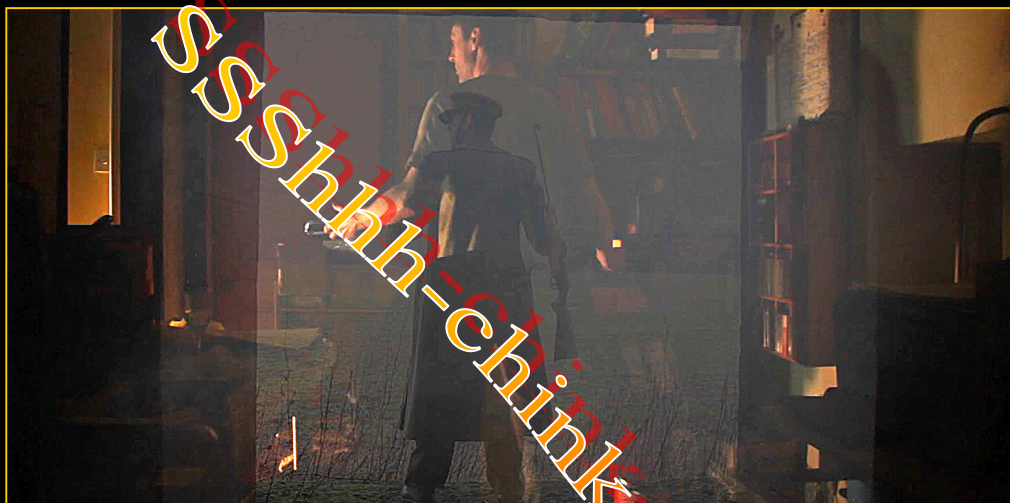
The danger passes.



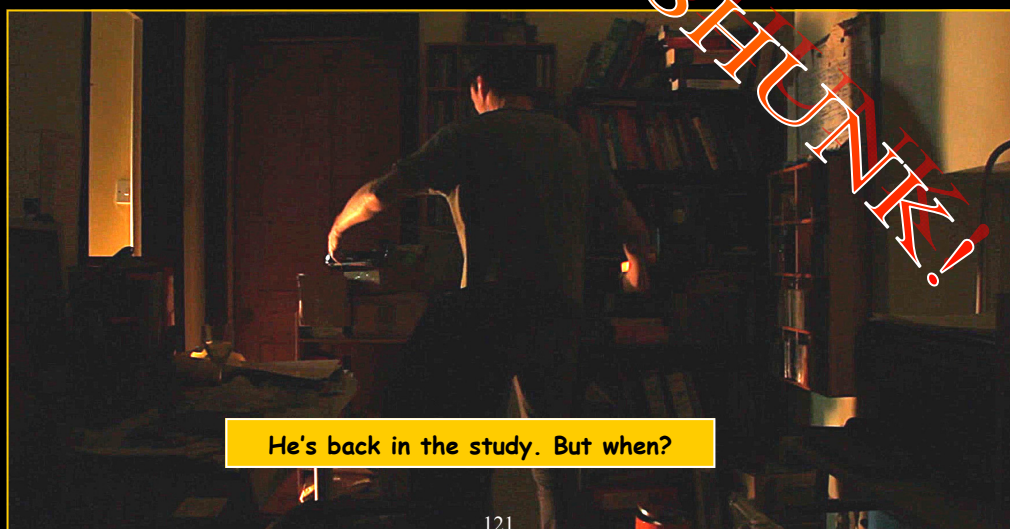
A moment to reflect—"How did I end up here?"



A noise. One he's come to dread. One that heralds...



...time being ripped apart!



He's back in the study. But when?



He leaves the study cautiously...



"I've been missing you."

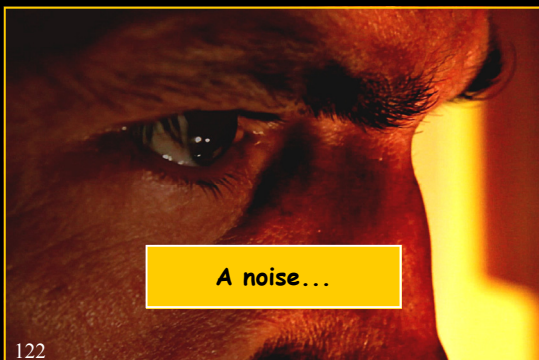
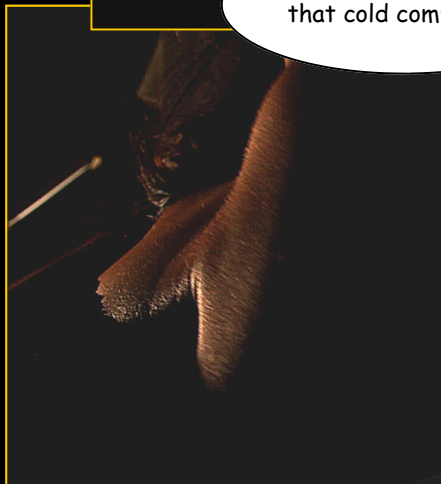
"Wouldn't you prefer to be in here snuggled up with me..."



"...than in there with that cold computer?"



He stares in disbelief!



A noise...



He's there, back in time. His wife is in that crashed car.

He's frozen with shock.



But see's everything!



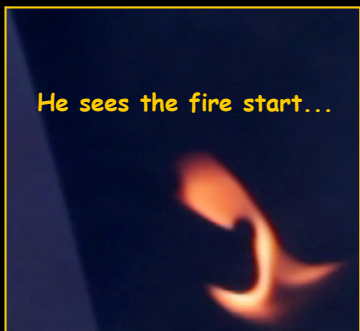
"Let me help you Christine."



His wife crawling from the car, and Valerie offering to help her...



He sees the fire start...



...and Valerie strapping
Christine in.



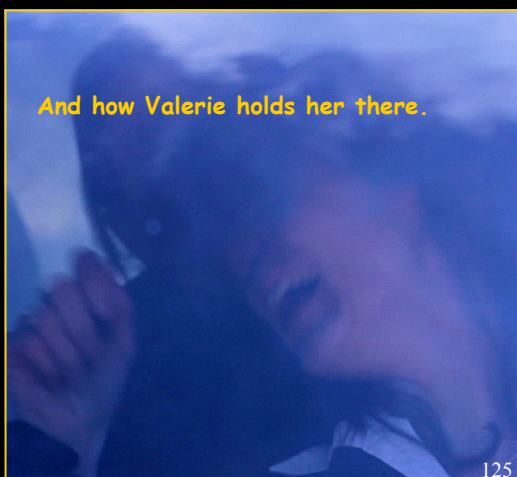
The fire increases.



He watches as his
wife struggles to get free...



And how Valerie holds her there.

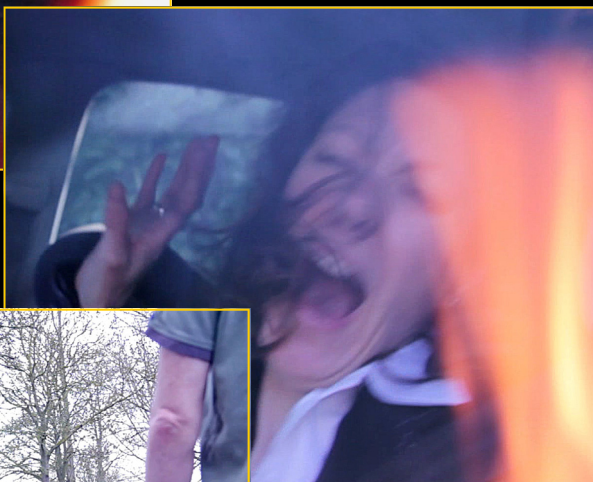


He hears her screams of terror
and pain as the fire burns her legs.



He hears the agonising sounds
as the heat consumes his loved
one and extinguishes his will.

He is a frozen quiet
observer of betrayal!



Valerie jumps out...

...slams the
door shut...



...and locks it.



CLICK!



He is transported from the crash to...

...the landing, outside the bathroom.

A voice, urgent...

"James! Help us!"

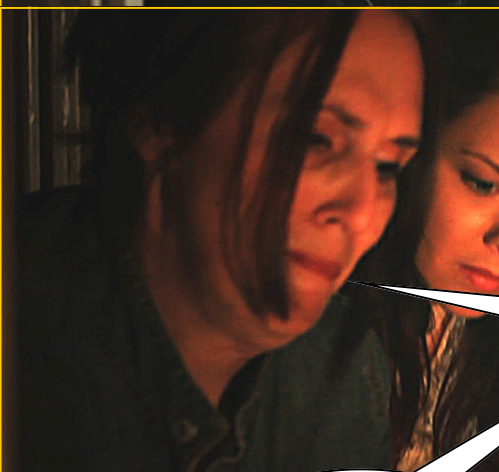
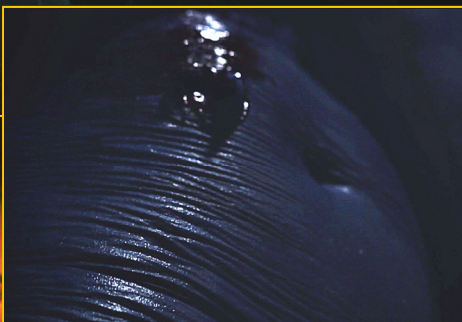
He looks down.



"Quickly!"


Valerie.

She's there on the floor with Stellar and the strange huge creature. There are holes in its body. It bleeds badly.



"Cut her arm James, and put the tube in."

"He needs her blood."



"I have to hold this end in place."



"I'm losing it."

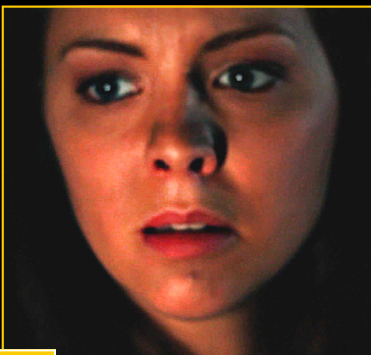


He takes the knife, but hesitates.



"Please. Be quick, before this small moment passes."

"For Christ's sake, do it. He's nearly gone!"



He slices her arm.





"Use this. Put it in her arm and bind it into place."



"The ship is here. You will be spared."



"I'm weak. I must rest now."

The doctor stands up and looks down at Valerie. He has a moment to collect his thoughts...

"What's going on?"



Valerie stands up and looks him in the eye.

"Outside here? Total madness!"



She looks down, away from him...





"I'm afraid I
fucked up."

"They were sent
here to help us.
We killed the
last two."

"We?"

"My team."

"The SETI group
received a signal
from the dwarf
galaxy Sagittarius."

"This was last
year."

She looks
towards Stellar.

"Ours, we
nurtured them
properly."

"Not like
her."

"They were perfect from the
start. So, we took them from
the SETI team."

He looks at her angrily.
His eyes dark...
accusing...

"I saw you with
Christine!"



"She was on the SETI team."

"You murdered her!"

"She was going to reveal everything at the..."

His face is a mask of hatred and malice,...



Suddenly, he springs forward...



"I tried everything to dissuade her."

...and grabs her throat!



He tightens his grip.



"Do it."

"Ah-ha."

"I deserve it. I'm genuinely sorry."





"Why? You were supposed to be our friend."

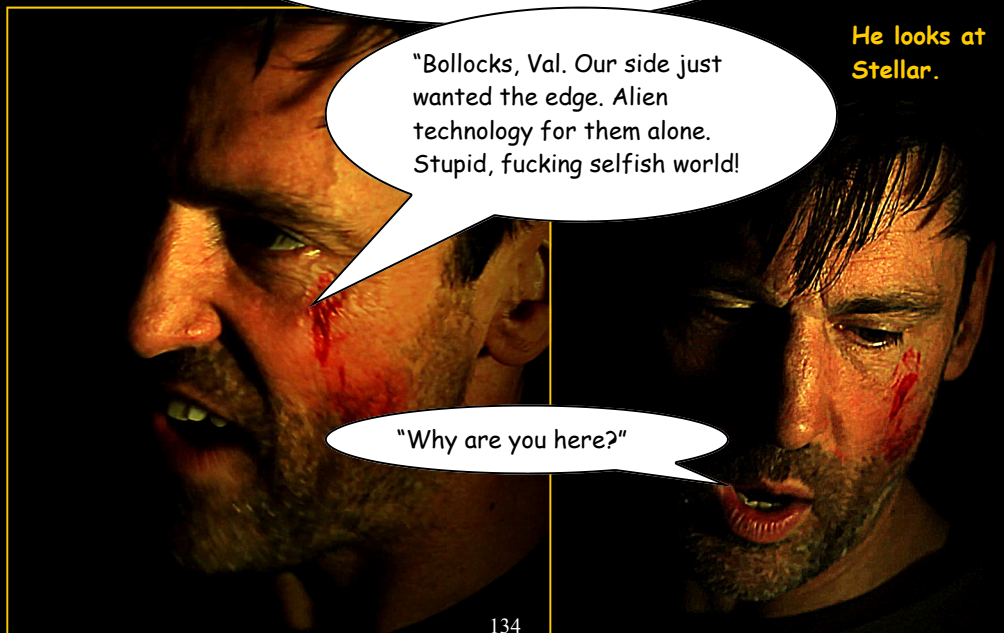
"Orders. My job at Harwell is just a cover. If she'd told..."



"Told? So fucking what. People find out we're not alone..."

"Don't be naive."

"Catholics, Muslims, conspiracy theorists... We'd have a bloody revolution, if they found out."



He looks at Stellar.

"Bollocks, Val. Our side just wanted the edge. Alien technology for them alone. Stupid, fucking selfish world!"

"Why are you here?"



Stellar remains silent and just turns away.

"Something happened
to their galaxy..."

"...and now it's
happening to ours."

"She came to
warn us."

"No. I came to
spare you."

VAL: "I know
everything."

VAL: "Our galaxy
is being overrun
by Dark Matter."

A huge ship takes up orbit
around the earth.

"Then please,
let me help you
all."



"I need the laptop, quickly..."



"...before the Protector dies."



Valerie stops him.

"You can be with her again, you know... with Christine."



"How did it feel to have moments with her again?"



"You know about that?"



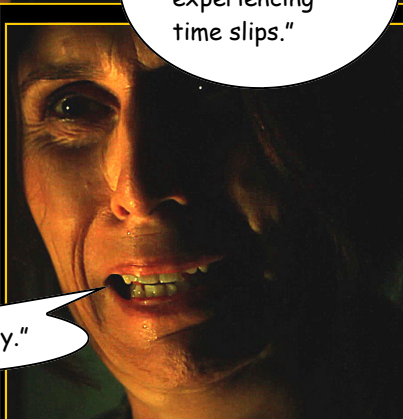
"You're not the only one experiencing time slips."

Her eyes flood with tears.



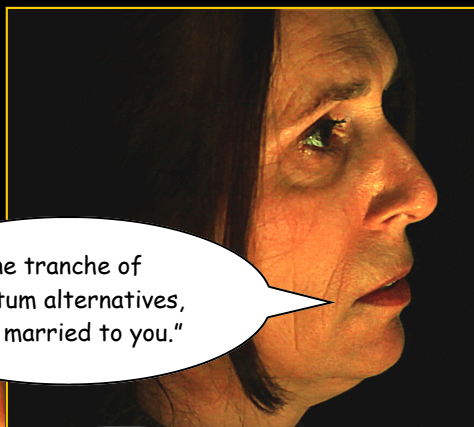
She speaks sobbingly...

"I... I... had a baby."





"Silly me."



"In one tranche of Quantum alternatives, I was married to you."

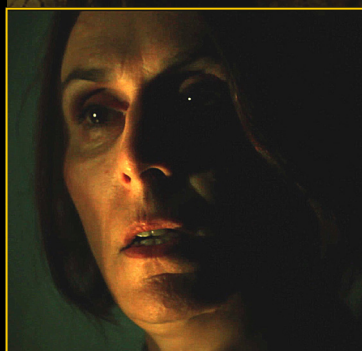


"I had a baby."

"Please. I must send the signal or the ship will leave and you will not be spared."

"The alternative... the suffering... it's beyond belief."

Valerie points at the dying man...



"He is keeping local space-time together."

"Our science is quite primitive, apparently."



"We never realised the true nature of Dark Matter."

The doctor looks at them both quietly.



"Yes. Dark Matter. It was very good once, but it has evolved. It is now very bad."



"It's destroying everything."

"I'll get the laptop."



As he turns away...

"What? You don't want to be with Christine again?"

"I don't want to be insane!"



He leaves.



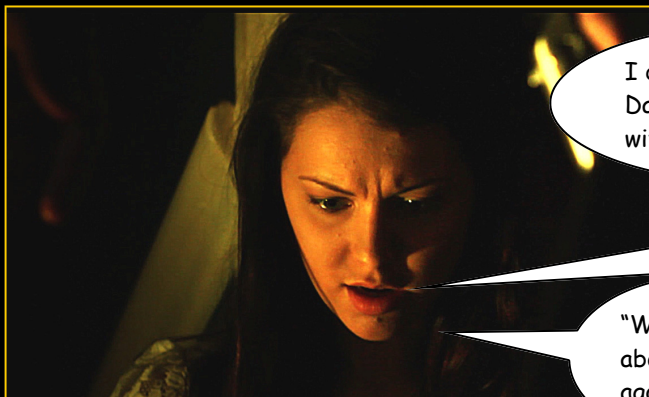
The doctor returns and hands Stellar the laptop.



"It is a shame..."

"There's no time left to find out how it all went so wrong."





I don't get it. What does Dark Matter have to do with anything?"

"Our civilization is the oldest in existence."

"We learnt about it years ago."



"Dark Matter is the invisible cradle of existence. If they mix... visible and Dark Matter..."

She stops, looks down at the laptop—shocked!



The doctor sees from her face that something has alarmed her. He leans over to see what she sees...



"It says 'no signal'."



He turns to Valerie...

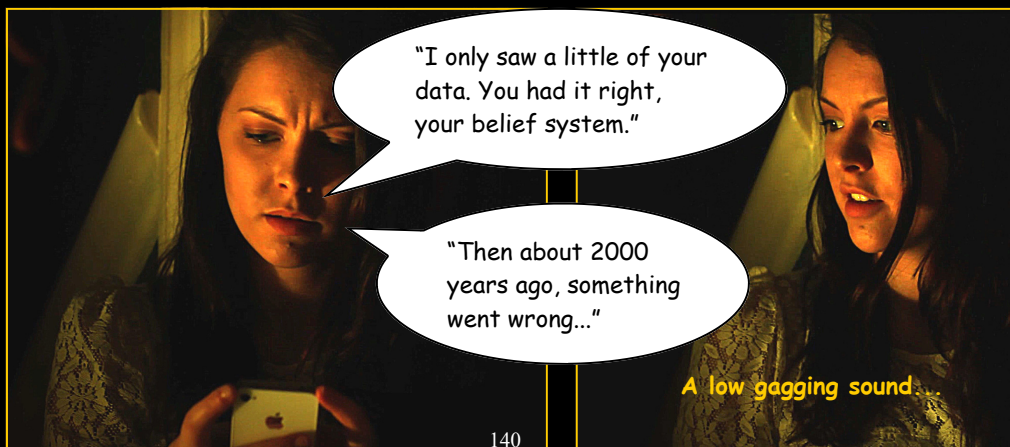
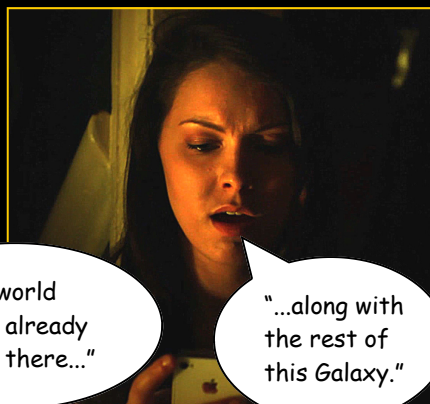
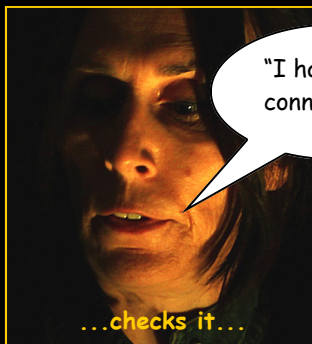
"We've lost Internet connection."



"No surprise there. Outside of here—total madness!"



"Time slips for all!"





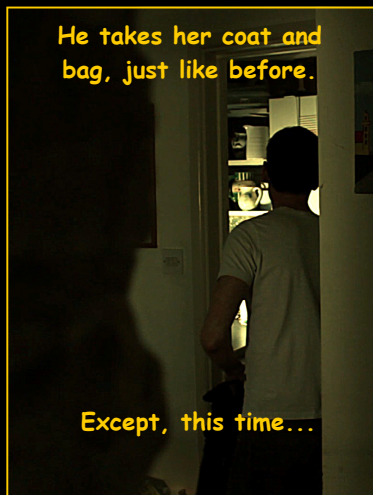
...just like before.



"I'll put these in the utility room."



He takes her coat and bag, just like before.



Except, this time...



...he checks her bag!



And finds...

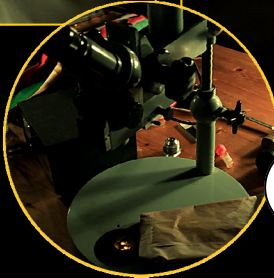
...a gun.



He returns to the kitchen.



She sees the microscope on the table.



"Good to see you've started working again."

Something clicks in him. Something about this has been lived before. What was it?

"They completed the new annex ."

"About bloody time."

"Are you mending?"



"No."

"You think when we're dead, we're dead, don't you?"



"I should bloody well hope so."



He remembers now. Time slips! It's all coming back.



He seizes the Opportunity To take her by surprise...

"Do you realise how much I loved her?"



"Of course I do. We both loved her."



"Then why did you take her away from me then?"

He brings up a gun, her gun, and points it at her chest.



The problem with time slips is sometimes you remember the alternative time, and sometimes you don't! Valerie can't understand how he knows.



She sits in silence. Her mind races. But then she decides...



He cocks the gun.



"I... I..."

"Say it!"

"It was just orders James. She wouldn't listen to reason."

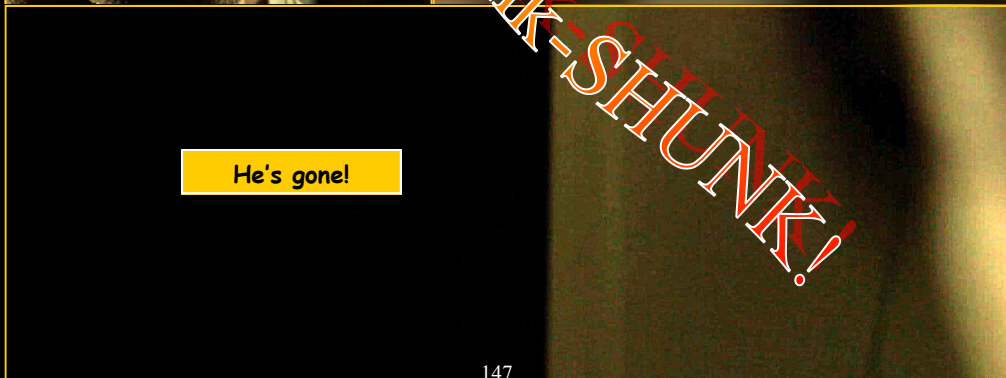
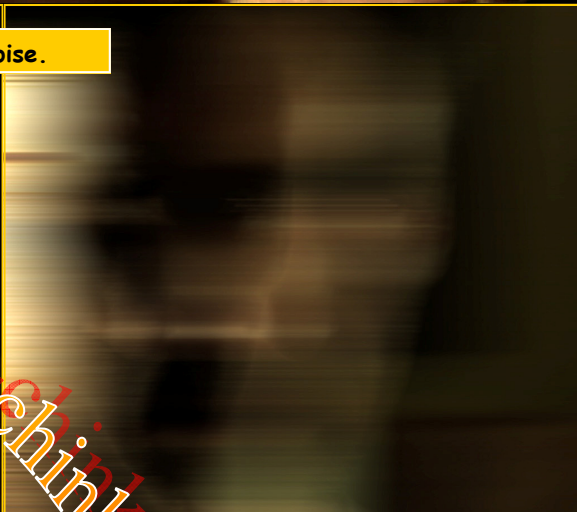


"That's it? Reason? Nothing else?"





A noise.



He's gone!

Sssshhh-chink-SHUNK!

He arrives back to now in
the hallway.

Ssshhhh-chink-SHUNK!

"Fuck!"

"You are experiencing what
happens when ordinary matter
and Dark Matter mix."

"Everyone's
leaving now."



"They go to a distant galaxy. Millions of species saved!"



"Where's Valerie?"



"Time slips. She will be somewhere."



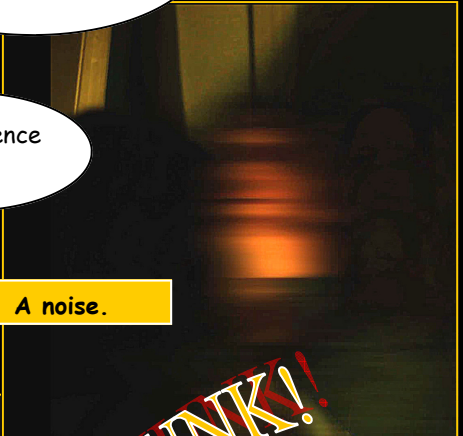
"I think I killed her."



"She'll be ok. You did it before everything mixes."



"Her essence is safe."



A noise.



Ssshhhh-chink-SHUNK!!

Valerie appears suddenly in the hallway. She looks down at Stellar and the doctor...



"When will they
come for us?"



"Who?"



"Your people."



"Oh. They have gone."

"But you said there
was a ship. We were
to be saved."



"No. You are not
well informed."



"Because you are a
sentient people, I said
you were to be spared."

"Spared?"



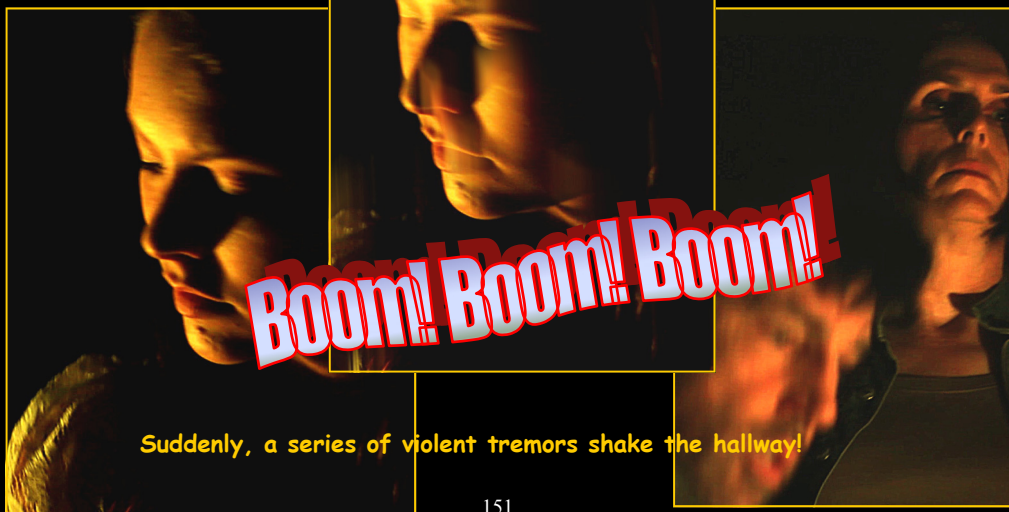
"We cannot save all species, Dark
Matter... galaxy collapse takes
centuries. Time slips. Alternative
realities. Madness for all..."



"...unceasing until Dark Matter breaks everything down completely. We deemed you worthy to be spared such suffering."

"Our ship will destroy earth."

"Everything will die. The madness will be over."



Suddenly, a series of violent tremors shake the hallway!

The tremors subside.

"Something is wrong."

"We should all be dead."

"Something is **very** wrong!!"

Valerie leans over, grinning sarcastically as she shows Stellar her cell phone...

"Fake Internet connection, maybe?"

Stella understands immediately. She Has been tricked...

"It's over."

"This is so sad. I must understand. What you've done—it was for personal love..."



"...a different time, maybe?"



"But... no... It's not for love."



"Yep. I know."



"You know that it's desire?"



In this case, it's not."

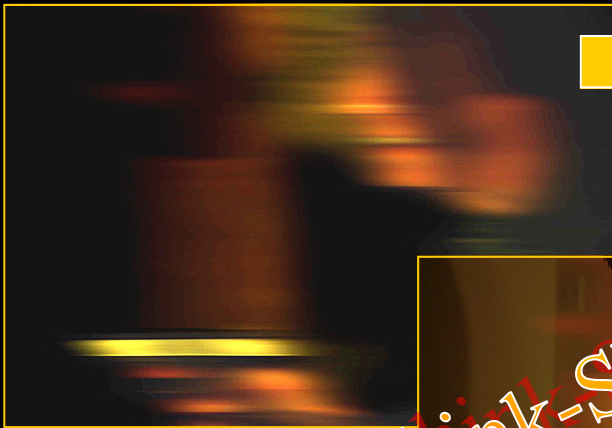


"You condemn your entire species to inconceivable madness, and you're saying it's not for desire?"



"No."





A noise.

And an irrevocable break
down of the bubble of
stability!

Sssshhh-chink-SHUNK!



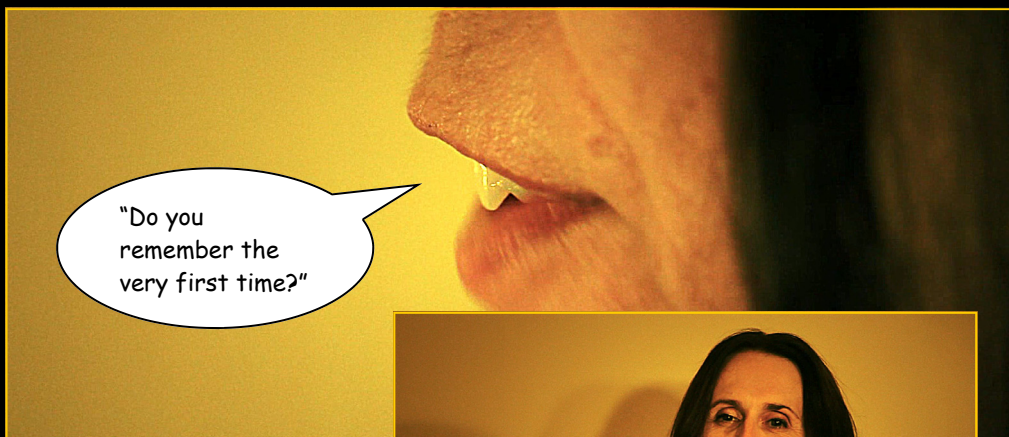
"So long as they
don't hear us."

"I better make
them breakfast."

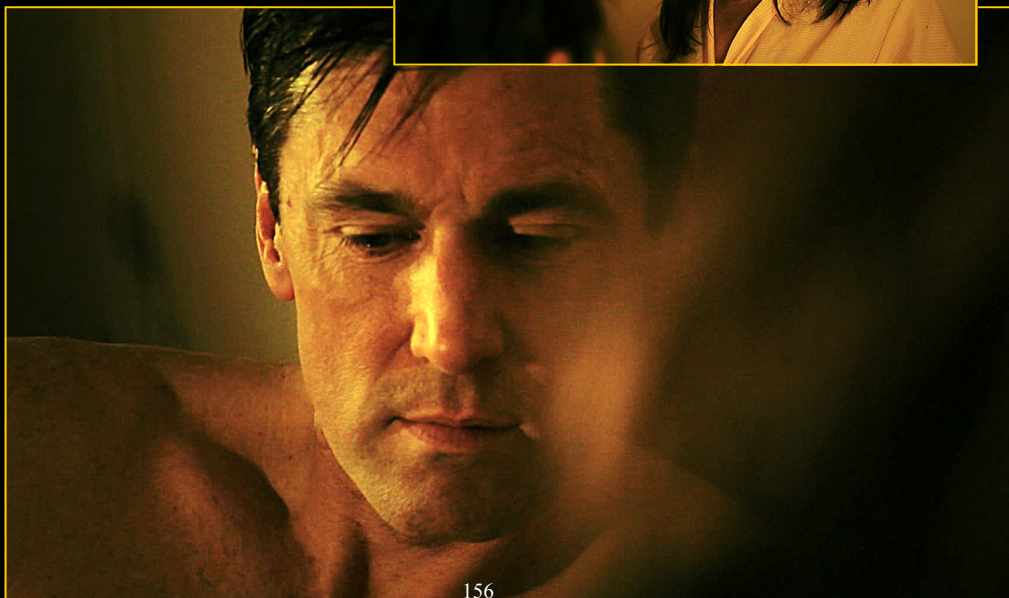
"Eggs on Toast?"

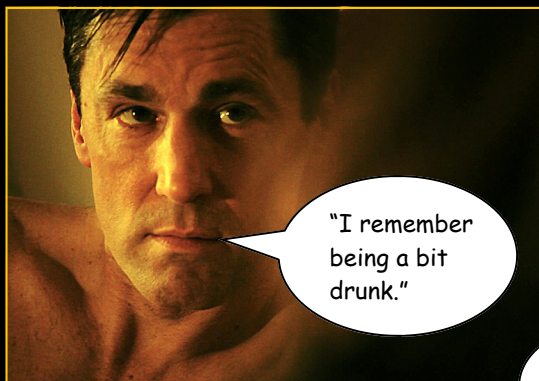
"Sounds
good to me."





She waits expectantly as he thinks for a moment.

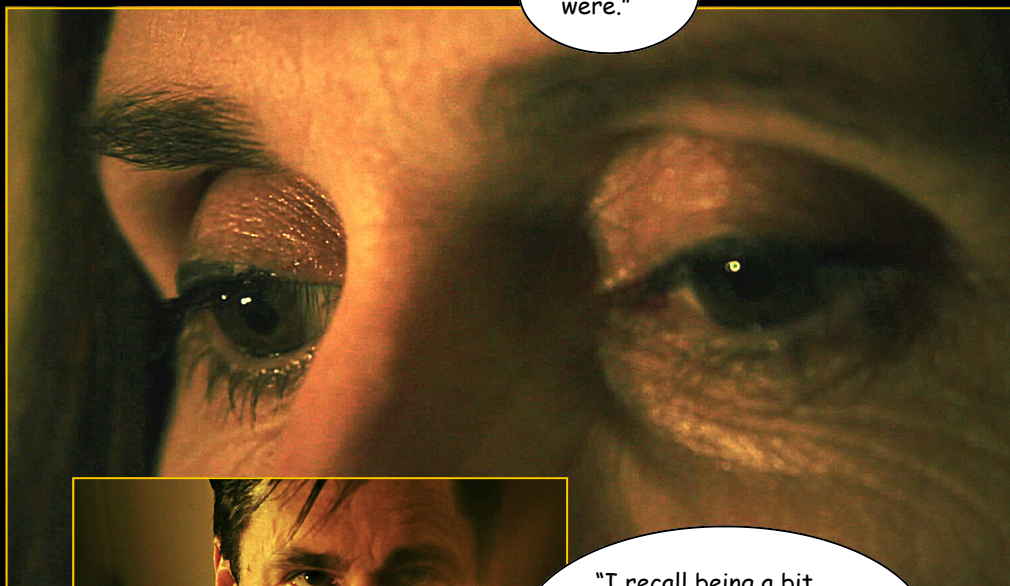




"I remember
being a bit
drunk."



"We all
were."



"I recall being a bit
worried afterwards...
You know... pregnancy
or something."

She smiles and opens the
bedroom door. She knows
this time slip is permanent.
And he has no memory of it.





Above the earth. Many ships pass by...

...a planet filled with screaming!

A DARK MATTER

THE END

About DARK MATTER

Dark Matter was conceived as a movie which could be made on less than £1000.00. This is considered a zero budget movie. The script writer produced and directed the movie, completing the entire task of a complete film crew except for on-set sound recording, which was executed by his beloved partner and lady Lesley Evans. Their aim was to include CGI as part of the project, a task carried out during the editing process by the creator Mol Smith.

The project itself by Mol Smith, was a desire to show that good story telling can be carried to the screen for very little money if passion and dedication is part of the remit for making a movie. It is an example to all budding film makers. The creator never attended film school and just went through the whole process from writing to final product inside 12 months.

The creator loved comics as a kid and always wanted to be a graphic novelist but he was—in his own words—a lousy drawer. The next best thing for a visual story teller is film. The entire story of making Dark Matter is available as a book: *How To Make A Movie for £1000.00*. Anyone interested in film-making will find this work invaluable as it represents film school in a single book and details every tiny nuance and technique of creating a great film on a budget from beginning to end. The movie was made using a single 2K camera and a single sound recorder and microphone. Edited on a PC at home not a video suite.

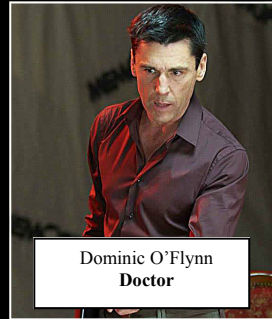
The movie itself is available on several streaming channels on the Internet and as a DVD, and Blur-Ray. All further information can be found on the Dark Matter official web site at:

www.darkmatter.org.uk

Further feature films and shorts made by Mol Smith can be located at his film studio site at:

www.sexanddeath.eu

This graphic novel was created using stills from the movie. To learn more about the actors who played the roles, please visit the Dark Matter web site. Meanwhile—here is a brief summary of the actors who played the characters.





Mel Mills
The Protector

A special thanks to Pierangela Manzetti for the amazing body make-up and Jon Betz for much of the music score for the movie.

Many thanks for reading this work. If it inspires you, remember... it ain't that hard to tell your story through movies, story, or graphic novel. Creativity and art is what make us human.